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THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 16, 1950
With which are incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" and "GRAPHIC"

The Sphere Christmas 1950

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Christmas Contents 1950

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	Page
COVER DESIGN, by Millar Watt	
FRONTISPIECE: "PASTIME WITH GOOD COMPANY," by Pauline Baynes	9
CHRISTMAS MUMMERS AT KENNINGTON MANOR. J. S. Goodall's illustration to an extract from *Stow's Survey*	10
WHEN THE LORD OF MISRULE REIGNED, another illustration by J. S. Goodall to an extract from *Stow's Survey*	11
CORFE CASTLE BESIEGED, an illustration of the dramatic episode by C. Walter Hodges	12–13
CHILDREN OF LONG AGO: Masterpieces of the Portrait-Painter's Art	14–15
OLD CHELSEA, a reproduction of J. L. Agassé's painting of Cheyne Walk in the 19th century	16
THE ADVENTURES OF THE "DUKE" AND "DUCHESS," illustrated by Montague Dawson	17–20
THE PATCHWORK QUILT, from the painting in this year's Royal Academy by L. Campbell Taylor, R.A.	21
THE DOONES ATTACK, an excerpt from R. D. Blackmore's romantic novel, with illustrations by Pauline Baynes	22, 23 & 44
MUSICAL TOYS of the 18th and 19th Century	24 & 48
THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851	25
THE ROMANCE OF THE BRITISH BALLET, by Gordon Beckles, illustrated with colour photographs	26–30
GOBELIN TAPESTRIES IN FLORENCE, treasures of the weaver's art from the Uffizi and the Palazzo Pitti	31–32
BESIDE THE SEA, two pictures from this year's Royal Academy Exhibition, by Richard Eurich, A.R.A. and R. Vivian Pitchforth, A.R.A.	33
THE DUEL IN LEICESTER FIELD, an extract from W. M. Thackeray's novel *Henry Esmond, Esq.*, with illustrations by Pauline Baynes and a George du Maurier drawing from the 1879 edition	34, 35 & 46
LONDON: Quaint and Curious. Sketches by W. P. Robins, A.R.W.S., R.E.	36–37
THE GOLDEN AGE OF BOOK ILLUSTRATION, by Eirene Owen, illustrated with reproductions of contemporary wood engravings	38, 39 & 51
LIFE IN THE 18TH CENTURY, extracts from François de la Rochefoucauld's journal, *A Frenchman in England, 1784*. Illustrated on page 40 with two reproductions of Harry Alken's drawings from Jorrocks's *Jaunts and Jollities*; and, on page 42, by a reproduction of J. F. Herring's painting, THE YORK TO LONDON COACH AT THE GEORGE INN, STAMFORD	40, 42
THE ENGLISH CHRISTMAS	52

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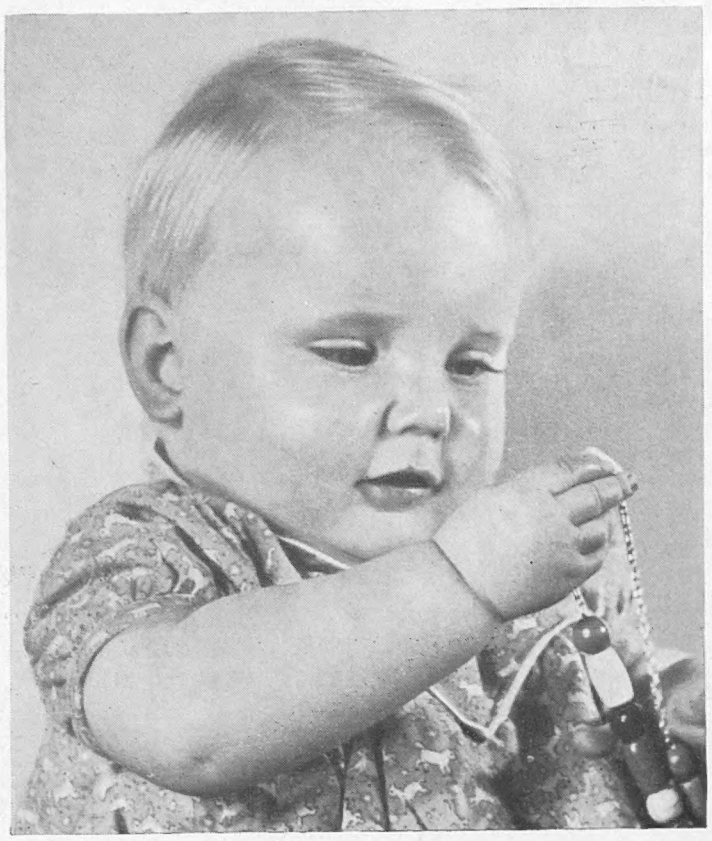

Please be Father Christmas to a little child in these Christian Homes.

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In many people the first experience of Christmas with The Salvation Army has inspired a lifelong faith in human kindness. They remember it thankfully as a time when love and happiness were made real for them. We have such a big family of all ages—from babyhood to 'Eventide'—to provide for, and our Officers work ceaselessly to bring the true spirit of Christmas to many a sad heart and home. Will you please help them, by sending a gift to General Albert Orsborn, C.B.E., 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

WHERE THERE'S NEED

The Salvation Army

Please send a Christmas Gift to the

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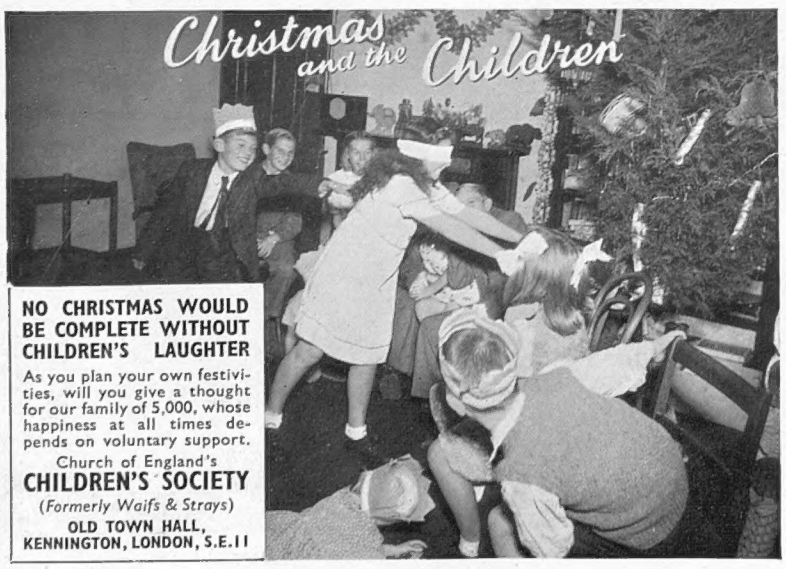
Patron—**His Most Gracious Majesty The King**

President—**The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Halifax, K.G., P.C.**

The fund was founded in 1902 under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England. It is a centre for research and information on Cancer and carries on continuous and systematic investigations in up-to-date laboratories at Mill Hill.

Gifts should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Sir Holburt Waring, Bt., at Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.



NO CHRISTMAS WOULD BE COMPLETE WITHOUT CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER

As you plan your own festivities, will you give a thought for our family of 5,000, whose happiness at all times depends on voluntary support.

Church of England's
CHILDREN'S SOCIETY
(Formerly Waifs & Strays)
OLD TOWN HALL, KENNINGTON, LONDON, S.E.11

She had no one to look to . . .

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Will you help us to carry on?

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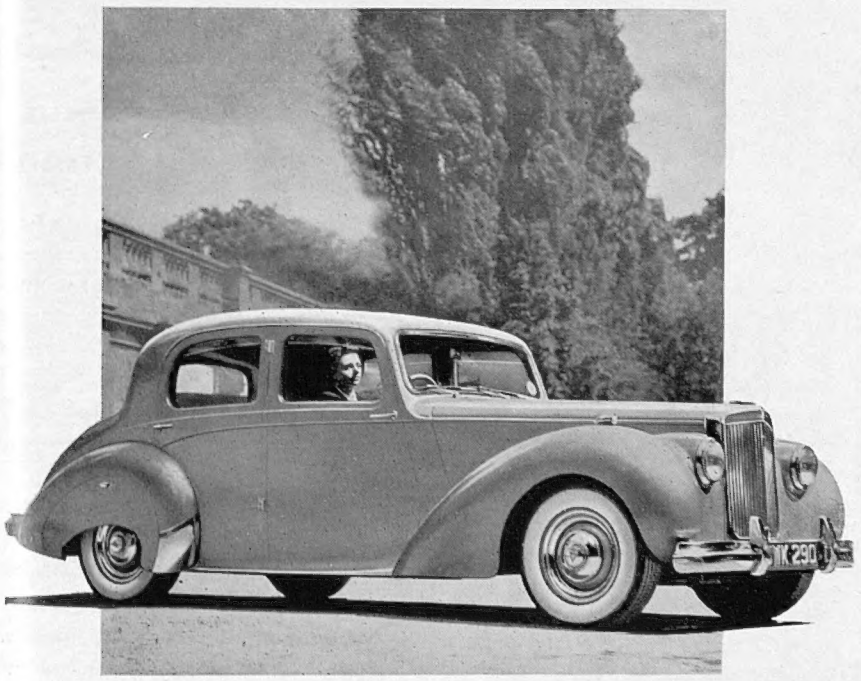

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★ WAKES YOU UP
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Make Theirs a Happy Christmas

It is sad to think that there can be any unhappiness at Christmas, especially among those who fought for us not so long ago. Unfortunately there are still many cases of hardship among ex-servicemen and their families which Government relief cannot fully cover.

The Army Benevolent Fund provides the necessary financial aid to the various Service Associations which are able to give each case personal attention. You may be sure that every penny is used for the relief of real distress.

But there are not enough pennies and help is needed urgently—your help. Will you send us a donation—a token of gratitude to these men for their loyal service during the war ?

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● Donations payable to The Army Benevolent Fund may be sent to General Sir George Giffard, G.C.B., D.S.O., 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1, or paid into any Bank in Great Britain or N. Ireland.

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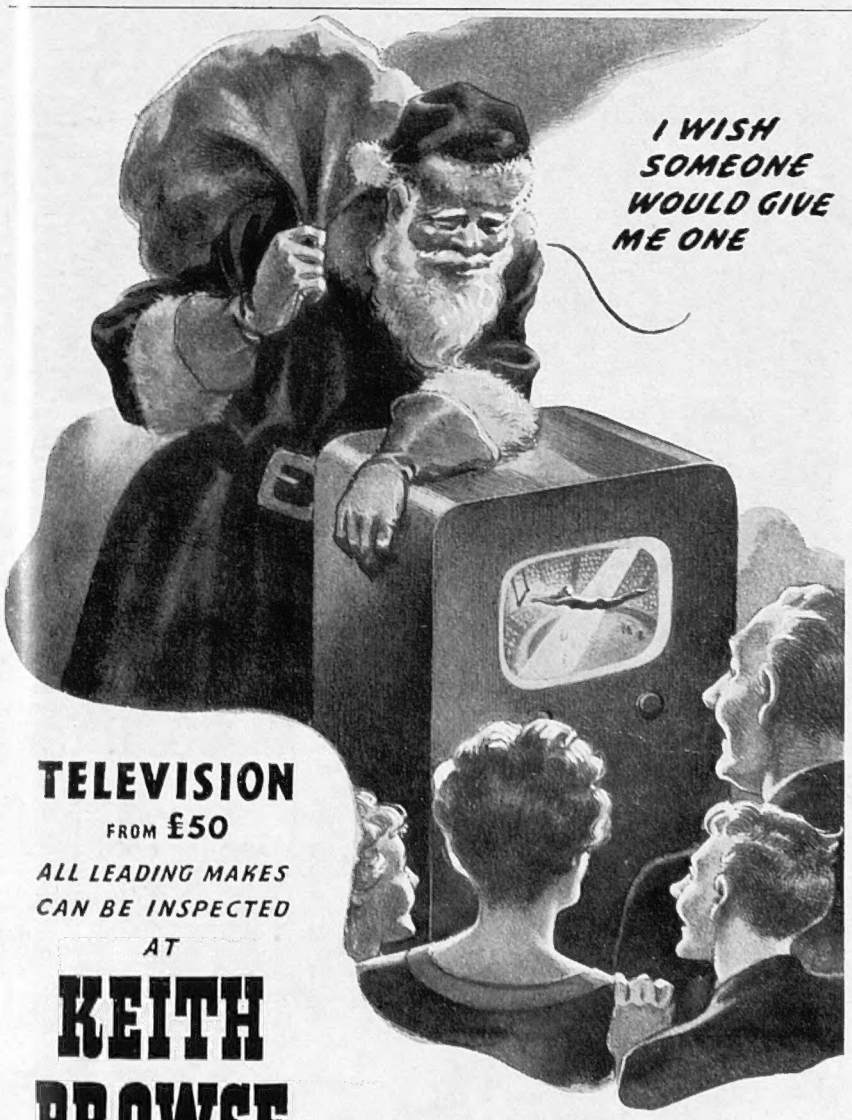

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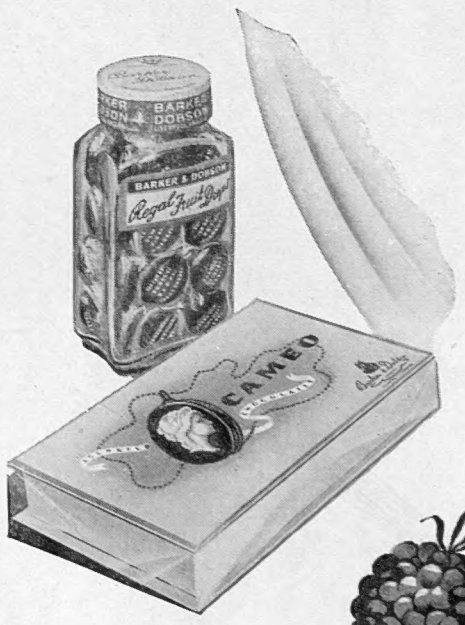

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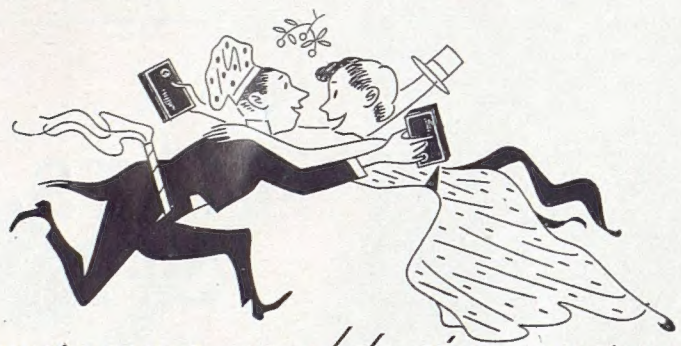

If everyone could give everyone

a hundred **Player's** *for Christmas*

how sensible Christmas presents would be

[NCC 739]

All that's best in Britain...

Christmas Day . . . the family gathering . . . the presents, the lighted tree,
the happy laughter of children . . . then the evening service with the old familiar carols . . .
thus did our forefathers celebrate; so in their turn will our children's children . . .
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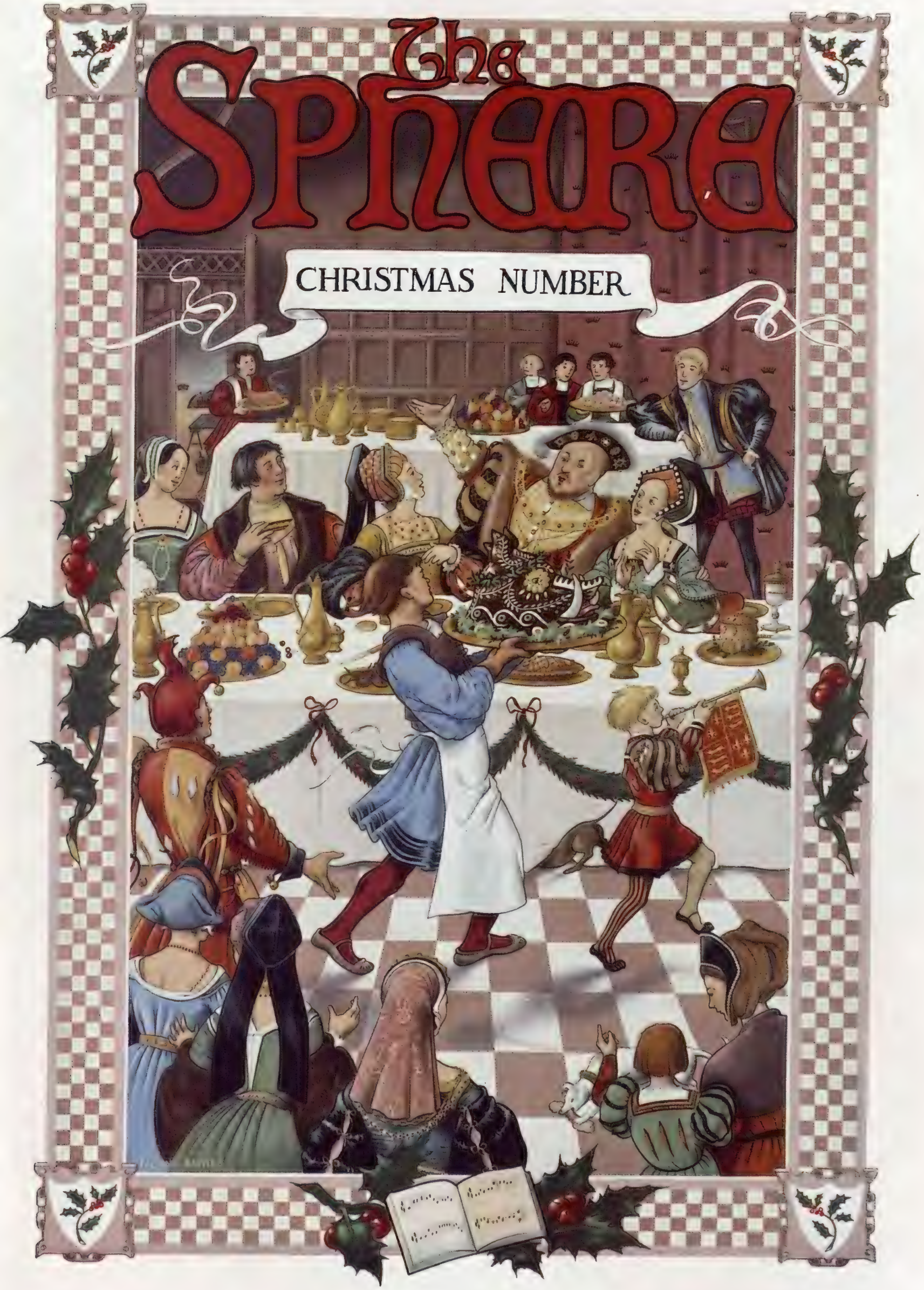


"PASTIME WITH GOOD COMPANY"

Pauline Baynes has illustrated the Christmas scene at Henry VIII's table as the boar's head is carried in and The King's Ballad is sung. The song was composed by Henry VIII himself, and is given (with a note) on page 56

CHRISTMAS MUMMERS AT KENNINGTON MANOR

as described in John Stow's celebrated *Survey of London* and illustrated by J. S. Goodall

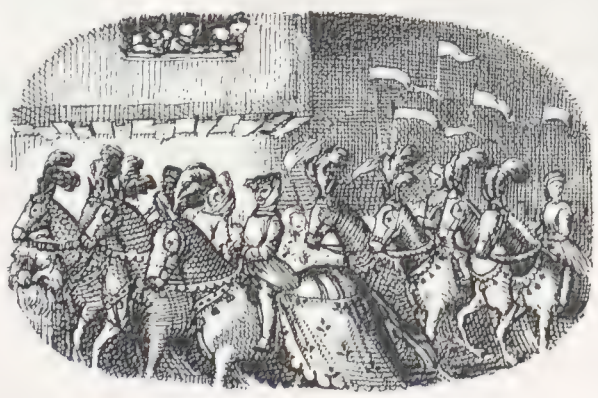
In 1377, says chronicler John Stow, a "show" was put on by the citizens of London for "disport of the young Prince Richard, son to the Black Prince, in the feast of Christmas." On the Sunday night before Candlemas 130 citizens "disguised, and well horsed in a mummerie with sounds of Trumpets, Sackbuts, Cornets, Shalmes, and other Minstrels, and innumerable torch lights of Wax" rode from Newgate through Cheapside, over London Bridge and through Southwark to Kennington, near Lambeth, where the young Prince was staying with his mother, his uncle the Duke of Lancaster, the Earls of Cambridge, Hertford, Warwick, Suffolk and "divers other Lords."

It must have been as picturesque a cavalcade as mediæval London ever saw. First, rode forty-eight "in the likeness and habit of Esquires, two and two together, clothed in red coats and gowns of Say or Sindall, with comely visors on their faces," then forty-eight knights in the same livery, followed by "one richly arrayed like an Emperor, and after him some distance, one stately tyred like a Pope," then twenty-four Cardinals and "eight or ten with black visors not amiable, as if they had been Legates from some foreign Princes."

After they had entered the Manor of Kennington these maskers jumped from their horses and thronged into the hall, where they were presently joined by the Prince, his mother, and the various Lords, whom they saluted in ceremonial manner. But they had not come merely for that; they had come to play a pretty game which must have occasioned much good-humoured merriment: "showing by a pair of dice upon the table their desire to play with the Prince, which they so handled, that the Prince did always win when he cast them," for who would dare to so presume as to defeat him at such a festive celebration?

The mummers, we learn, "set to the Prince three jewels, one after another, which were a bowl of gold, a cup of gold, and a ring of gold, which the Prince won at three casts. Then they set to the Prince's mother, the Duke, the Earls, and the other Lords, to every one a ring of gold which they did also win: After which they were feasted, and the music sounded, the Prince and the Lords danced on the one part with the mummers, which did also dance: which jollity being ended, they were again made to drink, and then departed in order as they came."

Stow adds that Henry IV was treated to a like ceremony in the second year of his reign, when he kept Christmas at Eltham; fifteen City Aldermen and their sons "rode in a mumming, and had great thanks." In this way did the citizens of old London render homage to king, princes and nobles, and at the same time enjoy themselves by "dressing up" and making merry at the festive season.



WHEN THE LORD OF MISRULE REIGNED

as described in John Stow's celebrated *Survey of London* and illustrated by J. S. Goodall

Among other sports and pastimes practised every year, first in the feast of Christmas, there was, Stow records, "in the king's house, wherever he was lodged, a Lord of Misrule, or Master of merry disports, and the like had ye in the house of every noble man, of honour, or good worship, were he spiritual or temporal." The Lord Mayor of London, together with the Sheriffs, had their several Lords of Misrule, contending without quarrel or offence as to who should "make the rarest pastimes to delight the Beholders." These Lords began their rule—or misrule—on Allhallows Eve, continuing until the day after the Feast of the Purification, Candlemas Day: "In all which space there were fine and subtle disguisings, Masks and Mummeries, with playing at Cards for Counters, Nails and points in every house, more for pastime than for gain." Instead of the jester serving king or lord, he was himself king or lord for the time being. Jack, in short, was "as good as his master," as in the Roman saturnalian revels—though we assume that it was never wise to carry the joke too far, or my lord might be in an ill humour when the feast—and licence—ended.

At Christmas, Stow adds, every man's house, as also the parish churches, were decked with holly, ivy, bay and whatever greenery the season afforded. The conduits and standards in the streets were likewise garnished, "amongst the which I read in the year 1444 that by tempest of thunder and lightning, on the first of February at night, Powles (St. Paul's) steeple was fired, but with great labour quenched, and towards the morning of Candlemas Day, at the Leaden Hall in Cornhill, a Standard of tree being set up in midst of the pavement fast in the ground, nailed full of Holly and Ivy, for disport of Christmas to the people, was torn up, and cast down by the malignant spirit (as was thought) and the stones of the pavement all about were cast in the streets, and into divers houses, so that the people were sore aghast of the great tempests." From which we gather that the weather could also be a Lord of Misrule when it chose, then as now, and share in the topsy-turvy celebrations.

Since Hallow-e'en falls on October 31st and Candlemas on February 2nd, the reign of the Lord of Misrule was evidently a long one—no less than a quarter of the year—and one wonders how they contrived to keep up the fun all that time without finding it as wearisome as a thrice-told tale, or wondering if the feast of Christmas—much longer then than now—would never end!

CORFE CASTLE BESIEGED

A Dramatic Episode of the Civil War

In the spring of 1643 Charles I was at Oxford, negotiating with Commissioners sent by the Parliamentary party. Among members of the Privy Council assisting him was Sir John Bankes, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. Lady Bankes retired to Corfe Castle, Dorset, with her family, and, being a woman of courage and resource, armed and provisioned it for defence. For thirteen weeks it held out gallantly against the Roundhead assaults until the Earl of Caernarvon, with a force of horse and dragoons, cleared this part of the west, compelling Sir Walter Erle to raise the siege so hastily that he left tents, standards, artillery and ammunition as spoils for her defenders.

Describing the siege, the *Mercurius Rusticus* of the time relates that during the preparations the committee at Poole near by sent letters demanding the four small pieces of artillery in the castle because the Purbeck islanders were annoyed that they had been mounted on their carriages, ready for use. Lady Bankes thereupon sent messengers to Dorchester and Poole, begging the Commissioners that the pieces remain for her defence, though dismounted; and they agreed.

A few days later, however, "forty seamen came very early in the morning to demand the pieces; the lady in person goes to the gates, and desires to see their warrant; they produce one, under the hand of some of the Commissioners; but instead of delivering them, though at the time there were but five men in the castle, yet these five, assisted by their maid-servants, at their lady's command, mounted these pieces, and loading one of them they gave fire, which small thunder so affrighted the seamen that they all quitted the castle and ran away."

C. Walter Hodges gives a reconstructed view of the castle as it probably appeared at the time of the siege, with a supply wagon arriving for the investing Roundhead troops; and an inset of Lady Bankes refusing to hand over her artillery.

MARIA DE MEDICI, DAUGHTER OF COSIMO I, by Agnolo Bronzino

FEDERICO D'URBINO FANCIULLO (1605), by Il Baroccio

CHILDREN OF LONG AGO

Masterpieces of the Portrait-Painter's Art

DON GARCIA DE MEDICI, SON OF COSIMO I, by Agnolo Bronzino

JAMES STUART, SON OF CHARLES I, by G. B. Canevari

MARIE ZEPHIRINE, DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XV, by Jean-Marc Nattier

Artists of an earlier age have caught the innocent charm of childhood in these captivating portraits. The expressions indicate that children change little with the centuries, except in dress. But how different was the family background in which they grew up, compared with to-day!

The son and daughter of Cosimo I, Grand Duke of Tuscany, chief of the city of Florence and its dependencies in the sixteenth century, were touched by tragedy, for, in 1562, Cosimo lost two sons and his wife Eleonora. It was believed—though not proved—that one son murdered the other, and was killed in turn by the enraged father, and that the mother died of grief.

As the child of Louis XV, who married a Polish princess, Marie Zephirine grew up in a reign marked by corruption and intrigue which hastened the French Revolution. Her father was lazy, licentious, notorious for his mistresses, Mmes. de Pompadour and Du Barry, who dominated him. He left government in the hands of his ministers, His armies were defeated by Frederick the Great ; he lost Canada and India. In the end his people despised him, and mocked his funeral cortege. What a court for a child to grow up in!

Velasquez was well qualified to paint the Infanta, for he had intimate connections with the court of Philip IV of Spain. He was sent to Italy to buy pictures and Greek sculpture casts for him, and on his return was created Knight of the Order of St. Jago.

Jean Baptiste Siméon Chardin, whose " Child with the Top " is one of his happiest studies, was the most noted eighteenth century French painter of genre and still life.

THE INFANTA MARIA MARGARITA, by Diego Velasquez

THE CHILD WITH THE TOP, by J. B. Siméon Chardin

Reproduced by permission of M. Bernard

OLD CHELSEA

CHEYNE WALK IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE 19th CENTURY

From a Painting by James Laurent Agassé Swiss landscape and animal painter

From the entrance to Royal Hospital Road on the east, past Albert Bridge and Battersea Bridge to Cremorne Road, is the most important area in all Chelsea from an historical point of view, and there is hardly a house in that long and gracious river frontage that is not linked either with distinguished names or stirring events. James Laurent Agassé, the Swiss-born animal and landscape painter, who first appeared as an exhibitor in the Academy catalogues of 1801, probably painted this picture of Cheyne Walk sometime in the twenties or thirties of the nineteenth century, when the river still flowed more or less unchecked through the leafy village of Chelsea, long before the Metropolitan Board of Works had set about the construction of the vast embankment wall we know to-day. The stretch of waterfront depicted here probably lay between the Chelsea Old Church and the Albert Bridge approach, near the point where Cheyne Row joins Cheyne Walk. It was in 1834 that Thomas Carlyle, as sage and seer the most forceful writer of the nineteenth century, came to live in Cheyne Row, and in a letter to his mother he recorded at the time the village atmosphere which still belonged to old Chelsea : "We lie safe in a little bend of the river," he wrote, "away from all the great roads ; have an air and quiet hardly inferior to Craigenputtock, an outlook from the back windows into more leafy regions, and see nothing of London except by day the summits of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, and by night the gleam of the great Babylon affronting the peaceful skies." That was the Chelsea of Carlyle's day, a peaceful oasis in a world of turmoil. The river, after making the great bend at Cremorne, spread far and wide across the marshes of Battersea, and Agassé in his picture shows a windmill on those low-lying lands which now form Battersea Park, and will next year provide the setting for the entertainment section of the Great London Exhibition. Chelsea was extremely picturesque at that time, but contemporary records say there was often a great stench from the river, which was only partially offset by the smell of tar from the gear of the fishermen which lined the shore.

The "Duke" and the "Duchess" off Juan Fernandez or Robinson Crusoe Island.

Careening the privateers off the Brazilian coast.

The ADVENTURES of the "DUKE" and "DUCHESS"

Life Aboard a British Privateer in Queen Anne's Day

With illustrations by Montague Dawson

IN the year of grace 1708, "a ship there sailed from Bristol City"—that famous port from which have set forth so many voyagers throughout the centuries of our maritime history—explorers, traders, pirates, slavers, and, last but not least, privateers. She was the *Duke* of 320 tons and 30 guns; she carried a crew of 117 men, and with her sailed as consort the *Duchess*, a slightly smaller vessel.

The *Duke's* captain was a master mariner, Woodes Rogers by name, a native of Poole, in Dorset, where his father was a master mariner before him. He had suffered losses at sea in the Newfoundland trade, in which

The " Duke " and " Duchess " capture the Manila ship

he had been engaged ; and desiring to repair his fallen fortunes he had persuaded certain merchants of Bristol to fit up two ships for a privateering and trading voyage. Edward Cooke, who commanded the *Duchess*, had also met with disasters at sea, and sought means of repairing his losses ; than which in those days, when a new Proclamation offered richer rewards to the successful privateersman, no better opportunity lay open to the adventurously-minded seaman.

Among the two ships' other officers were three interesting characters—a certain dark, melancholy-looking man, William Dampier by name, who sailed as pilot of the *Duchess*, a man also down on his luck, after having, as Rogers says, " been three times to the South Seas and twice round the world." Dampier's sailing and buccaneering had brought him but little fortune ; but his fame as a writer and hydrographer has long outlived him. The *Duke's* second in command was, rather surprisingly, a " doctor of Phisick," Thomas Dover, who, perhaps also through a desire to better his condition, perhaps simply because he was tired of pestles and gallipots, had changed the profession of healing for that of war, only to settle down again in later life and earn a lasting repute as the originator of Dover's Powder, a compound

ip," *Nostra Señora de la Encarnación Desengãno.*"

still to be obtained from the chemist by such as want it. Last was Simon Hatley, a sombre sullen fellow who had sailed before with Dampier, and who was later to be the prototype of Coleridge's " Ancient Mariner " who " shot the albatross."

As for the two vessels' crews, they were a motley collection of " taylors, tinkers, peddlers, fiddlers, and haymakers, with ten boys and one negro " ; with whom, says Rogers, optimistically, " we hope to be well mann'd as soon as they have got their sea legs."

The two ships crossed over from Bristol to the Cove of Cork, which we now know as " Cobh," where they completed their fitting out, and added a few more to their mixed company ; after which they finally set sail for the South Seas on the 1st of September, the *Duke's* crew being now increased to 183 men.

The voyage as far as the Tropics was comparatively uneventful, and here the ceremony which we know as " crossing the Line," but which Rogers refers to as " crossing the Tropick," was duly performed, all those who had not before paid tribute to Neptune being ducked from the yard-arm, or in default, called upon to pay a fine of half-a-crown. Most elected to be ducked, though the process cannot have been a pleasant one.

On 5th January there came on " a violent gale and a great sea."

" The manner of doing it," says Rogers, " was by a rope thro' a block from the mainyard to hoist 'em above halfway up to the yard and let 'em fall at once into the water, having a stick cross through their legs, and well fastened to the rope, that they might not be surprised and let go their hold."

The ships held on to the Southward in company, occasionally sighting and chasing a ship, but taking no prizes of any consequence. There were a few minor mutinies among the crew, which is hardly to be wondered at among so mixed a company, but these were soon suppressed by seizing and flogging the chief offenders and by clapping others in the bilboes. Off the Brazilian coast Rogers took the opportunity of careening and cleaning his ship, a very essential proceeding for a privateer, and one which he never neglected.

Before rounding the Horn, the *Duke* and *Duchess* reached 60.58 S. latitude, where they had a rough experience of the weather usual in those parts. The weather had already been stormy for some days, with alternating gales and fogs; on January 5th there came on " a violent gale of wind and a great sea," and Rogers soon saw that his consort was in difficulties. As she was lowering her mainyard the lift became unreeved, so that the sail was in the sea to leeward, and the ship taking in a great quantity of water on the lee side. She had now no choice but to run before the wind, and it was not until five the next morning that she was able to heave to and take stock of the damage. It was found that the sea had broken in the cabin windows, filled up the steerage and waist, and nearly drowned several men; but "God be thanked, all was otherwise indifferent well with them, only they were intolerably cold and everything wet."

The ships rounded the Horn in lat. 61.53, " the farthest," Rogers avers, " that anyone has yet

(*Concluded on page* 54)

" We passed the Tropick, and according to custom, ducked those that had not done so before."

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THE PATCHWORK QUILT

by

L. Campbell Taylor, R.A.

Mr. Leonard Campbell Taylor was in his 76th year when he exhibited "The Patchwork Quilt" at this year's Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy. His charming genre interiors have been a feature of the Academy for many years. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1923 and a Royal Academician in 1931. Mr. Campbell Taylor studied art at the Ruskin School at Oxford, at the St. John's Wood Art School, and at the Royal Academy Schools. His picture "The Rehearsal" was purchased for the Chantrey Collection in 1907 and was exhibited in last year's exhibition of the Chantrey Bequest pictures at Burlington House. Mr. L. Campbell Taylor's pictures are known all over the world and have been exhibited at the Paris Salon (where he was awarded the gold medal in 1931); The Venice International Exhibition; the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh; The National Gallery, Sydney; The National Gallery, Rome; and in Ghent.

" Where do you suppose little Gwenny is ? "

The DOONES ATTACK

An excerpt from R. D. Blackmore's romantic novel

(Illustrated by Pauline Baynes)

R. D. Blackmore's " Lorna Doone " marked a return to the romanticism of historical fiction. When it first appeared in 1869 *it made no sensation, until the character of Lorna—not really a Doone, but the daughter of the Scots Earl of Lorne, stolen by the Doones in childhood and brought up as one of them—became associated in the public mind with Princess Louise, who married the Marquis of Lorne. Then it flared into popularity as a " royal " romance, winning a fame posterity has endorsed for the book's own sake, not for its adventitious celebrity !*

The Doones are outlaws of aristocratic origin who, vengeful for wrongs done them by the government, retire sullenly to an Exmoor valley stronghold and rob, plunder and kill under the leadership of the ruthless Carver Doone. One of their victims is the father of young John Ridd who, at fourteen, discovers their retreat by chance and is saved from capture by the lovely Lorna. At twenty-one this sturdy young yeoman, haunted by her beauty, seeks her again, rescues her from the Doones' clutches, and she escapes to his farm. There are many epic struggles with the robber Doones before the chief obstacle to their love—that Lorna's father was the reputed killer of John Ridd's father—is removed by the disclosure of her true ancestry, and they can happily marry.

The vivid background of the story is Exmoor in Stuart times ; the other characters include humorous Tom Faggus, Master Stickles the woman-hater, and " hanging " Judge Jeffreys. The following episode is one of the most dramatic, exciting in the book : the Doones' raid on Ridd's farm, where Lorna is sheltering, to fire his ricks and house and exact bloody revenge for his part in her escape.

Two of them fell, and the rest hung back, to think at their leisure what this was.

IT was not likely that the outlaws would attack our premises until some time after the moon was risen, because it would be too dangerous to cross the flooded valleys in the darkness of the night. And but for this consideration, I must have striven harder against the stealthy approach of slumber. But even so, it was very foolish to abandon watch, especially in such as I, who sleep like any dormouse. Moreover, I had chosen the very worst place in the world for such employment, with a goodly chance of awaking in a bed of solid fire.

And so it might have been, nay, it must have been, but for Lorna's vigilance. Her light hand upon my arm awoke me, not too readily ; and, leaping up, I seized my club, and prepared to knock down somebody.

" Who's that ? " I cried. " Stand back, I say, and let me have fair chance at you."

" Are you going to knock me down, dear John ? " replied the voice I loved so well. " I am sure I should never get up again after one blow from you, John."

" My darling, is it you ? " I cried ; " and breaking all your orders ? Come back into the house at once : and nothing on your head, dear ! "

" How could I sleep, while at any moment you might be killed beneath my window ? And now is the time of real danger ; for men can see to travel."

I saw at once the truth of this. The moon was high and clearly lighting all the watered valleys. To sleep any longer might be death, not only to myself, but all.

" The man on guard at the back of the house is fast asleep," she

continued ; " Gwenny, who let me out, and came with me, has heard him snoring for two hours. I think the women ought to be the watch, because they have had no travelling. Where do you suppose little Gwenny is ? "

" Surely not gone to Glen Doone ? " I was not sure, however : for I could believe almost any thing of the Cornish maiden's hardihood.

" No," replied Lorna, " although she wanted even to do that. But of course I would not hear of it, on account of the swollen waters. But she is perched in yonder tree, which commands the Barrow valley. She says that they are almost sure to cross the streamlet there ; and now it is so wide and large that she can trace it in the moonlight, half-a-mile beyond her. If they cross she is sure to see them, and in good time to let us know."

" What a shame," I cried, " that the men should sleep, and the maidens be the soldiers ! I will sit in that tree myself, and send little Gwenny back to you. Go to bed, my best and dearest ; I will take good care not to sleep again."

" Please not to send me away, dear John," she answered very mournfully : " you and I have been together through perils worse than this. I shall only be more timid, and more miserable, indoors."

" I cannot let you stay here," I said ; " it is altogether impossible. Do you suppose that I can fight, with you among the bullets, Lorna ? If this is the way you mean to take it, we had better go both to the apple-room, and lock ourselves in, and hide under the tiles, and let them burn all the rest of the premises."

At this idea Lorna laughed, as I could see by the moonlight ; and then she said :

" You are right, John. I should only do more harm than good : and of all things I hate fighting most, and disobedience next to it. Therefore, I will go indoors, although I cannot go to bed. But promise me one thing, dearest John. You will keep yourself out of the way, now won't you, as much as you can, for my sake ? "

" Of that you may be quite certain, Lorna. I will shoot them all through the hay-ricks."

" That is right, dear," she answered, never doubting but what I could do it ; " and then they cannot see you, you know. But don't think of climbing that tree, John ; it is a great deal too dangerous. It is all very well for Gwenny ; she has no bones to break."

" None worth breaking, you mean, I suppose. Very well ; I will not climb the tree, for I should defeat own my purpose, I fear ; being such a conspicuous object. Now go indoors, darling, without more words. The more you linger, the more I shall keep you."

She laughed her own bright laugh at this, and only said, " God keep you, love ! " and then away she tripped across the yard, with the step I loved to watch so. And thereupon I shouldered arms, and resolved to tramp till morning. For I was vexed at my own neglect, and that Lorna should have to right it.

But before I had been long on duty, making the round of the ricks and stables, and hailing Gwenny now and then from the bottom of her tree, a short wide figure stole towards me, in and out the shadows, and I saw that it was no other than the little maid herself, and that she bore some tidings.

"Ten on 'em crossed the watter down yonnerr," said Gwenny, putting her hand to her mouth, and seeming to regard it as good news rather than otherwise ; " be arl craping up by hedge-row now. I could shutt dree on 'em from the bar of the gate, if so be I had your goon, young man."

" There is no time to lose, Gwenny. Run to the house and fetch Master Stickles, and all the men ; while I stay here, and watch the rick-yard."

Perhaps I was wrong in heeding the ricks at such a time as that ; especially as only the clover was of much importance. But it seemed to me like a sort of triumph that they should even be able to boast of having fired our mow-yard. Therefore I stood in a nick of the clover, whence we had cut some trusses, with my club in hand, and gun close by.

The robbers rode into our yard as coolly as if they had been invited, having lifted the gate from the hinges first, on account of its being fastened. Then they actually opened our stable-doors, and turned our honest horses out, and put their own rogues in the place of them. At this my breath was quite taken away ; for we think so much of our horses. By this time I could see our troopers, waiting in the shadow of the house, round the corner from where the Doones were, and expecting the order to fire. But Jeremy Stickles very wisely kept them in readiness, until the enemy should advance upon them.

" Two of you lazy fellows go," it was the deep voice of Carver Doone, " and make us a light, to cut their throats by. Only one thing, once again. If any man touches Lorna, I will stab him where he stands. She belongs to me. There are two other young damsels here, whom you may take away if you please. And the mother, I hear, is still comely. Now for our rights. We have borne too long the insolence of these yokels. Kill every man, and every child, and burn the cursed place down."

As he spoke thus blasphemously, I set my gun against his breast ; and by the light buckled from his belt, I saw the little " sight " of brass gleaming alike upon either side, and the sleek round barrel glimmering. The aim was sure as death itself. If I only drew the trigger (which went very lightly) Carver Doone would breathe no more. And yet—will you believe me ?—I could not pull the trigger. Would to God that I had done so !

For I never had taken human life, neither done bodily harm to man ; beyond the little bruises, and the trifling aches and pains, which follow a good and honest bout in the wrestling ring. Therefore I dropped my carbine, and grasped again my club, which seemed a more straightforward implement.

Presently two young men came towards me, bearing brands of resined hemp, kindled from Carver's lamp. The foremost of them set his torch to the rick within a yard of me, the smoke concealing me from him. I struck him with a back-handed blow on the elbow, as he bent it ; and I heard the bone of his arm break, as clearly as ever I heard a twig snap. With a roar of pain he fell on the ground, and his torch dropped there, and singed him. The other man stood amazed at this, not having yet gained sight of me ; till I caught his firebrand from his hand, and struck it into his countenance. With that he leaped at me ; but I caught him, in a manner learned from early wrestling, and snapped his collar-bone, as I laid him upon the top of his comrade.

This little success so encouraged me, that I was half inclined to advance, and challenge Carver Doone to meet me ; but I bore in mind that he would be apt to shoot me without ceremony ; and what is the utmost of human strength against the power of powder ? Moreover I remembered my promise to sweet Lorna ; and who would be left to defend her, if the rogues got rid of me ?

While I was hesitating thus (for I always continue to hesitate, except in actual conflict) a blaze of fire lit up the house, and brown smoke hung around it. Six of our men had let go at the Doones, by Jeremy Stickles' order, as the villains came swaggering down in the moonlight ready for rape or murder. Two of them fell, and the rest

(*Concluded on page* 44.)

I went up to Carver Doone, whom I knew by his size in the moonlight, and I took him by the beard, and said : " Do you call yourself a man ? "

AN ORCHESTRA WITH A TRAPEZE ARTIST: This elaborate mechanical model, one of Mr. Steiner's remarkable collection of musical toys, was made for the Paris Exhibition in 1851. While the orchestra plays, the pipe player pauses for breath, and the mandolin player passes his hand over the strings. The trapeze artist balances on the tight rope and, when he jumps, the players pause to watch him.

MUSICAL TOYS

of the 18th and 19th Centuries

MORE than the making of timepieces was stimulated by Voltaire when he settled in Switzerland in 1755. The whole mechanical possibilities of clockwork soon began to enthrall a Europe hovering between the ages of water and steam power.

It was not long before one phase of the development of clockwork became to the late 18th and early 19th centuries what the gramophone, films, wireless and television have been to the 20th century.

An echo of this particular development was found by a young London hairdresser while wandering around the back streets of Bruges some fifteen years ago and has resulted in a remarkable collection.

Mr. Herman Steiner came upon an upright china doll with fair hair. "Apart from being very fond of faded blondes," he says, "it so happened that this doll would fit admirably into the scheme of design for my new shop."

So he bought the doll and brought it back with the intention of possibly re-dressing it. It meant the dismembering of the doll, but, when he came to the task, he found that the head did not remove easily. Further inspection revealed that the body was full of clockwork. Wound-up, the doll proceeded to look at itself in its hand-mirror and then powdered its nose.

"I was fascinated," says Steiner. "It seemed to touch something in me. The creation of such a doll really did represent what is meant by an 'art' and 'craft.'

"In any case, I have always had a passion for the Victorian from childhood. A really well overloaded mantelpiece in a seaside boarding house used to fascinate me."

Yet the first musical clockwork toys had a characteristic 18th century elegance.

(*Continued on page* 48)

THE DOLL SMOKER: He lights a cigarette, raises it to his lips, inhales, the cigarette glows, and the doll puffs out smoke. He pauses to quiz the world with his lorgnette. This model was given to Mr. Steiner after he had made a broadcast.

THE SINGING MINSTREL DOLL: He sings, blinks, and grimaces, to the accompaniment of his banjo. It was made in the 18th or 19th century. Mr. Steiner began his collection when he was attracted by a doll which he found in a back street in Bruges.

The arrival of the Royal Procession for the opening by Queen Victoria of the Great Exhibition of 1851

The Great Exhibition of 1851

London was *en fête* for the opening of the Great Exhibition by Queen Victoria on May 1st, 1851. The *Gentleman's Magazine* recorded that she left Buckingham Palace in state at twenty minutes before noon, accompanied by Prince Albert and their two eldest children, The Prince and Princess of Prussia, Prince Frederick William of Prussia, and their suites, in nine carriages.

A flourish of trumpets announced her arrival at the north door. The Queen and Prince Consort, leading the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal by the hand, "appeared before the vast assemblage of her subjects, and the 'crystal bow' rang with enthusiastic shouts, overpowering the sound of the cannon discharged on the other side of the Serpentine. It was a moment of intense excitement. In the midst of the grandest temple ever raised to the peaceful arts . . . was the ruler of this realm and its vast dependencies, herself the centre of the great undertaking. Her emotions, as she gracefully and repeatedly acknowledged her people's congratulations, were evident. Her reply to the address was followed by a prayer and the triumphant 'Hallelujah' chorus."

Lord Macaulay described the building that day as "a most gorgeous sight; vast; graceful; beyond the dreams of the Arabian romances. I cannot think that the Caesars ever exhibited a more splendid spectacle. I was quite dazzled, and felt as I did on entering St. Peter's."

More than 6,000,000 people paid £356,275 admission. If our 1951 Exhibition is as successful no one will complain.

The eastern end of the Great Exhibition building as depicted in a contemporary engraving

THE ROMANCE OF THE BRITISH BALLET

The most remarkable development in the British Theatre of the 20th Century

By Gordon Beckles

BRITISH ballet's growth in widespread public favour is one of the social phenomena of these post-war years.

It was not so after the first war. In 1921 the great Diaghileff staged a gorgeous production of Tchaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty" studded with stars from the Czar's ballet company. Few people seemed interested, and it cost the backers nearly £20,000.

To-day "The Sleeping Beauty" draws packed houses whenever it is danced at Covent Garden, while in New York people have queued three months ahead to buy tickets for the Sadler's Wells production.

What brought about this great change in public taste? What happened in between the time when a Miss Edris Stannus changed her name to "Ninette de Valois," to get a job, and that day recently when a young Russian dancer elected to anglicise her name to "Violetta Elvin"?

The current enthusiasm for ballet in this country was undoubtedly stimulated by the drabness of the war years. The vogue of "escapism" also plays its part. But more than these external factors is the undisputed brilliance of the ensemble which Miss de Valois has built up in the past twenty years.

That English girls and men should be good dancers is nothing really novel. Troupes of Tiller girls and "Jackson Lads" have roamed all over the world. Their secret was one of discipline, and it is just this factor that characterises the Sadler's Wells troupe.

At first it had no great dancers; but it had a beautifully trained *corps de ballet*; and presently, out of its ranks, emerged principal dancers. There was a beautiful girl called Pearl Argyle, who died in America in 1947. Then came one who called herself Margot Fonteyn, and gradually a round dozen of gifted young men and women.

The pattern to which they worked was the one which Miss de Valois copied from Diaghileff.

Serge Diaghileff was a rich dilettante in the early years of the century who thought that, although the dancing in the Imperial theatres was doubtless superb, it had yet become too stereotyped in presentation. Securing the services of a company from St. Petersburg during a holiday period he brought it to Paris and there staged a succession of ballets which had a profound influence on the whole artistic life of Western Europe—from the paper on the walls to the cushions of the sofas, from the music it played to the pictures it went to see.

In truth, Serge Diaghileff saw more in the ballet than dancing. He gathered around him composers and designers, and encouraged them to achieve unity on their own.

ROBERT HELPMANN AND MARGOT FONTEYN IN "LES SIRÈNES." "Les Sirènes" was one of the first post-war novelties produced by the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company at Covent Garden. It is an amusing burlesque on the English seaside which the Edwardians had known. Lord Berners was the composer, and perhaps its greatest virtue was the chance it gave Margot Fonteyn to dance in a frankly comic role.

ROBERT HELPMANN IN "LES SIRÈNES." The décor is by Cecil Beaton, and among the general absurdities is this balloon ascent.

This was what was called the "Russian Ballet." It brought to the public the wonderful designs of Leon Bakst and such composers as Igor Stravinsky. The music and scenery alone were a feast to the senses. Then, to top it all, arrived such dancers as Nijinsky and Karsavina. It was, indeed, an artistic revolution.

After the first war the Diaghileff troupe suffered the nomadic fate of other Russian exiles. Tiring of the original ballets, such as "Scheherezade" and "Thamar," they went in for exotic experiments. The ballet became "precious." It attracted the highbrows and the effeminate circles, whereas the original ballet was a robust affair.

Miss de Valois, for a time a junior member of the Diaghileff company, first gathered around her a few enthusiastic pupils. Many of them had benefited by association with another talented woman called Madame Marie Rambert, who had a small troupe of her own and high artistic standards.

They set to work, by invitation of Miss Lilian Baylis, at the newly opened Sadler's Wells theatre on the Islington slopes. Presently there began to flow from this company a succession of works from which a repertoire was to be built in time. Miss de Valois herself created "Job" to the music of Vaughan Williams. A youngster called Frederick Ashton showed great talent as a choreographer.

Many of these early Sadler's Wells ballets survive. "The Haunted Ballroom," "Facade," "Rio Grande," "The Gods Go A-begging," "The Rake's Progress," "A Wedding Bouquet," "Checkmate," "Les Patineurs" and "Nocturne" all belong to the decade before the war—and have been produced since it.

Yet when the war came (the Sadler's Wells troupe was in Holland at invasion time) the position of British ballet, in the entertainment world certainly, was best described as "promising." During the five years of war they became a travelling troupe.

Then, in 1945, a great stroke of luck came to the cause of ballet and opera. It sprang from a chance decision early in the war. The Government thought that it would be good for public morale if—with art galleries and museums closed—some encouragement be given to the mobile arts. The Arts Council was given a sum of money to distribute. It grew into a widespread organisation. After all, did not the Government support museums

This scene from "Les Sirènes" captures the spirit of gentle satire on a period in which Lord Berners specialised. The *corps de ballet* enjoyed "Les Sirènes" as a relief from classical discipline almost as much as a real day at the seaside. Margot Fonteyn waves goodbye from the motor car, one of the amusing machines which add to the Edwardian atmosphere.

and galleries in the country? In 1945 the leading music publishers, Messrs. Boosey and Hawkes, decided it might not be a bad thing for music generally if they rescued Covent Garden from the hands of its dance hall tenants. And, with the knowledge that the Arts Council would be behind them, they became the lessees of the famous and lovely old theatre.

An enthusiastic amateur, Mr. David Webster, was brought in to organise an opera company. Then, to balance the programme, it was suggested that the Sadler's Wells troupe should abandon Islington and come down to the Garden.

They left behind at Islington a junior (and, by the way, excellent) company while the original school was enlarged on lines similar to those of the old Russian Imperial ones, where the schooling was not confined to dancing, but embraced general education.

It began to dawn on the general public that in the Sadler's Wells it had a treasure, something that well fitted the current phrase "out of this world." While London was still disfigured with its war-time garb the ballet company was producing exquisite works—that old ballet "The Sleeping Beauty" among them. People who before the war had not given much concern to ballet dancing began to talk of Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann.

That something but yesterday a little "precious" and "effeminate" should ever enter the ranks of dollar-earners is one of those rich turns of satire that modern financial economy can produce for our merriment. Last autumn the whole troupe—about sixty dancers strong—set off for a season at the Metropolitan in New York, and took Manhattan by storm.

What was there in this Sadler's Wells troupe that the United States did not have?

I think that their distinctive characteristic might be summed up as "poetic" against the American trend towards the "athletic."

(*concluded on page* 28)

Above. Joan Harris dancing in "LES SYLPHIDES." "Les Sylphides" is one of the test pieces of a *corps de ballet*, and has had many choreographers. It is as traditional a part of a mixed programme by the Sadler's Wells ballet as it is with their junior company, which they left behind them in Islington as the "Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet."

On left. "GISELLE." A true ballerina's merits have come largely to be judged all over the world by her interpretation of the supremely difficult dancing-acting role in "Giselle." Here Margot Fonteyn partners Alexis Rassine, in the part which has set the seal on her fame as a mature artist.

Below. "GISELLE," as it is danced on the great stage of Covent Garden, with Margot Fonteyn posed above Alexis Rassine as Albrecht, and Pamela May with upraised arm as Queen of the Wilis, another qualifying role in this great classical test piece. The décor is by the young artist James Bailey.

The Sadler's Wells ballet maintains the "classical" tradition, and, for all their own amusing novelties, it is in the great ballets of the past that they do best, and in which they are most popular: "Giselle," "Swan Lake," "Coppelia," "Sylphides" and, of course, "The Sleeping Beauty."

These works require an intense discipline, and it is Miss de Valois who maintains it, with a stern face and dignity worthy of a headmistress. All the dancers address her respectfully as "Ma'am."

She addresses them as "darling." Even when she has cutting words to utter in criticism.

Although she has mastered the Diaghileff tradition (he in his turn having acquired the Imperial Ballet's principles) Ninette de Valois has the advantage of herself knowing the technical difficulties of the dance, which Diaghileff had to take on second-hand. The daughter of an Irish Lieutenant-Colonel, killed in the first war, she set to work first as a trouper, playing pier-heads and one night appearances. For two years she was the principal dancer in the old Lyceum Theatre pantomimes; then went on to a Beecham season at Covent Garden, and finally to the Diaghileff troupe.

She has a fanatical devotion to the cause of the ballet. She lives "ballet" in every waking hour of her life, and is so absorbed by the problems of rehearsals, classes, discipline and general administration that she has been genuinely surprised that the limelight of publicity should be focused on her. She is shy, abrupt and direct in manner, favouring, as a choreographer, "mime" as against pure "dancing." She accounts "Job" as her most important and serious work.

The Sadler's Wells is a great ballet and a great adventure. It pays its way in Britain, more or less (the subsidy really goes to the operatic side of the Garden), and it is said to be bringing back £40,000 from the United States in hard cash this winter.

And it is the guardian of the ideals and qualities of an age more graceful and romantic than we enjoy to-day.

MOIRA SHEARER AS CINDERELLA. Moira Shearer, like Margot Fonteyn, has grown up with the Sadler's Wells ballet, and in "Cinderella" this beautiful red-haired dancer, who starred in the film "The Red Shoes," was given the leading role.

"CINDERELLA" AS A 3-ACT BALLET

The most ambitious new work created by Sadler's Wells, with music by Serge Prokofieff and choreography by Frederick Ashton. It was first danced on Christmas Eve, 1948. *Above*. Moira Shearer tries on the shoe, watched by Michael Somes as the Prince and Alexander Grant as the Jester, who is again seen seated on the stairs (in the picture on the right) in this gorgeous spectacle. The décor is by Jean-Denis Malclès.

(Photographs by Baron, Roger Wood and Louis Klemantaski. Those on the first two and the last page of this section were taken by Frank Sharman.)

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY," the opulent Tchaikovsky ballet, gives the Sadler's Wells their greatest triumph. In this classic fairy-tale, Robert Helpmann has danced both the hero, Prince Florimund, and the wicked Carabosse as in the above photograph.

THE CORPS DE BALLET DANCING IN ENSEMBLE FROM "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY," WITH DÉCOR BY OLIVER MESSEL. The ballet is rich in magnificent stage scenes, with some of the most effective music ever written by Tchaikovsky.

NORMAN THOMPSON AND MARGARET ROSEBY AS BLUEBEARD AND HIS WIFE IN THE PRODUCTION OF "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."

"The SLEEPING BEAUTY"

The Sadler's Wells Company's Ballet of the Fairy Story

MARGOT FONTEYN AND ROBERT HELPMANN IN THE BALLET "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY." Margot Fonteyn displays all her superb beauty of form and gesture as the Princess awakened from her long sleep by the love of Prince Florimund, danced by Robert Helpmann, in this richly romantic ballet. The choreography follows that of the creator, M. Petipa, of the Czar's Imperial Ballet in St. Petersburg. "The Sleeping Beauty" has proved to be one of the most successful of the new post-war productions.

GOBELIN TAPESTRIES IN FLORENCE

Treasures of the Weaver's Art from the Uffizi Gallery and Palazzo Pitti.

The supreme example reproduced above is from a series representing the Feasts of Henry III of France and his mother, Catherine de Medicis, woven at Bruxelles or Enghien, 1575-1580, on cartoons attributed to Francois Quesnel. It depicts a Water Feast and chase of the Sea-ogre, and includes portraits of Henry IV, Catherine, Marguerite de Valois, and Charles de Lorraine, and is from the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

The Gobelins were a family of dyers, probably from Rheims. The first, Jehan or Gilles, founded about 1450 a Paris factory in the Faubourg Saint-Marcel on the banks of a stream, the Bièvre, whose waters were believed to be specially suitable for dyeing. Among the first to introduce to France an art until then monopolised by the Italians, and particularly by the Venetians, he amassed a fortune and spent so much developing his industry with the help of a new scarlet dyestuff he discovered that it became known as " La folie Gobelin "—the name a grandson later chose for a large mansion he built on the Bièvre out of the firm's handsome profits.

In the 16th century a tapestry factory was added. The third and fourth generations so prospered that they purchased titles, and Balthasar, a great-grandson, held many important offices of State besides the lands and lordship of Briecomte-Robert, bestowed by Henry IV. He became treasurer-general of artillery, paymaster-general of the army, treasurer-extraordinary of war, councillor-secretary of the king, chancellor of the exchequer. The "Water Feast" tapestry belongs to this period of the family's remarkable rise to power.

But the name Gobelin first acquired the seal of royalty when, in 1662, the statesman Colbert acquired the firm on Louis XIV's behalf and expanded it into a general upholstery factory carrying out designs under the direction of the Court painter, Charles Le Brun, already experienced in tapestry-designing and admirably fitted to develop the art under royal patronage. Colbert's function was to combine the various workshops, some of which had fallen into decay : *L'Atelier de la Trinitié*, which had woven the *Story of Saint Crépin and Saint Crepinien* for the *Notre Dame* shoemakers' chapel ; *L'Atelier du Louvre*, famous for its *Old Testament Tapestries*, designed by Simon Vouet ; *L'Atelier du Faubourg Saint-Germain* ; and *L'Atelier du Faubourg Saint-Marcel*, renowned for its *Artemis Tapestries*. Assisting Le Brun were painters like Monnoyer, noted for his flower studies, Van der Meulen, and Guillaume d'Angiers.

In 1667 Le Brun obtained the King's decree instituting the *Manufacture Royal des Meubles de la Couronne*, and what a hive of industry that inaugurated! The new factory had to be kept staffed with " good painters, master tapestry-weavers of high warp, jewellers, founders, engravers, diamond-cutters, cabinet-makers, carpenters in wood and ebony, dyers, and other able workmen in all manner of arts and crafts." Each craftsman was lodged and allotted a small garden, paid by the head of each workshop, who worked independently, receiving from the State supplies of wools, silks and other materials, the cost of which was deducted from the price paid for the tapestries, leaving him free to execute outside orders.

The tapestries produced in the next thirty years under Le Brun's creative influence included reproductions of Italian frescoes, mythological and religious subjects, scenes from contemporary history. So prolific was the output that one would be begun before another was finished. The designs for the " Children Gardeners " flowered in this prodigal period.

CHILDREN GARDENERS

These Gobelin Tapestries from the Palazzo Pitti, Florence, are in a series of great charm, "Children Gardeners," executed by the weaver De La Croix on cartoons by Charles Le Brun. When Colbert acquired the Paris Gobelin factory in Faubourg Saint-Marcel, in 1662, on behalf of Louis XIV, he placed the painter Le Brun in charge of it. Under his direction and designs the craft of French tapestry-weaving achieved leading place in the industry. He was in control until Colbert died in 1683 and was succeeded by Louvois, when he fell from favour, but his influence in the art persisted.

The "Children Gathering Flowers," executed 1703-1704, are among the happiest of Le Brun's designs, and prove the surviving reverence for the tradition he established, some years after his death in 1690.

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"A. VINCENT, SON AND GRANDSONS" by RICHARD EURICH, A.R.A.

Mr. Richard Eurich's picture contains symbols as well as portraits of the Vincent family. Mr. Vincent is seated in the centre with his son; two grandsons may be seen on the left and a third (in white shorts) on the right. The ship with the name Vincent has a figurehead representing the Latin origin of the family name, and the elephant under the name recalls Mr. Vincent's life in India, where he was a tea planter until he retired. In the centre background is a building representing his business connections with Southampton.

BESIDE THE SEA

TWO PICTURES FROM THIS YEAR'S ROYAL ACADEMY

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"RAMSGATE" by R. VIVIAN PITCHFORTH, A.R.A.

THE DUEL *in* LEICESTER FIELD

From W. M. THACKERAY'S "HENRY ESMOND"

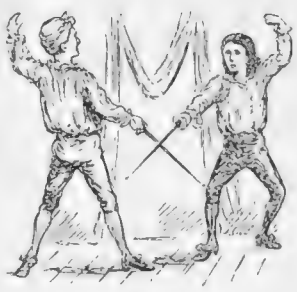
Thackeray wrote *Henry Esmond* at Young Street, Kensington, during the 1851–2 winter. It was the only novel he wrote entire instead of by instalments for serial publication, with the printer's boy waiting at his elbow, and is generally regarded as his best. His daughter, Lady Ritchie, described it as more autobiographical than his other works, for into Henry's thwarted worship of the beautiful Lady Castlewood he put much of his own frustrated platonic love for his friend's wife, Jane Brookfield. Esmond's eventual marriage to Lady Castlewood, after a ten years' fruitless wooing of her daughter Beatrix, expressed his own longing for reconciliation.

Esmond, assumed to be illegitimate, but the real heir to the Castlewood estates, grows up in the home of the hard-living Viscount, who neglects his young wife, exposing her to the attentions of the unprincipled Lord Mohun. Worshipping Lady Castlewood with a boyish passion, Esmond stoutly defends her against her husband's jealous suspicions, and when he sees that Castlewood is determined to pick a quarrel with Mohun and force a duel, vows to stand by "my lord Viscount" and save him from possible death by picking a quarrel with Mohun himself.

Castlewood's plan is that they go with Colonel Westbury to the theatre in Duke Street, where they will meet Mohun and his party, then all adjourn to a tavern, call for cards, find a pretext for a quarrel, and fight it out. The duel in Leicester Field—an open space on the site of Leicester Square—is fateful for Esmond, who learns of his true inheritance, conceals it for the sake of his loved Lady Castlewood and her son, and launches out on adventures and a love romance with Beatrix before winning the woman he has always adored.

" Who dares say I am too young ? " broke out Harry. " Is your lordship afraid ? "

. . . a cry from the chairmen without, who wer



WHEN we had drunk a couple of bottles of sack, a coach was called, and the three gentlemen went to the Duke's Playhouse. The play was one of Mr. Wycherley's—" Love in a Wood."

Harry Esmond has thought of that play ever since with a kind of terror, and of Mrs. Bracegirdle, the actress who performed the girl's part in the comedy. She was disguised as a page, and came and stood before the gentlemen as they sat on the stage, and looked over her shoulder with a pair of arch black eyes, and laughed at my lord, and asked what ailed the gentleman from the country, and had he had bad news from Bullock fair ?

Between the acts of the play the gentlemen crossed over and conversed freely. There were two of Lord Mohun's party : Captain Macartney, in a military habit, and a gentleman in a suit of blue velvet and silver in a fair periwig, with a rich fall of point of Venice lace—my Lord the Earl of Warwick and Holland. My lord had a paper of oranges, which he ate and offered to the actresses, joking with them. And Mrs. Bracegirdle, when my Lord Mohun said something rude, turned on him, and asked him what he did there, and whether he and his friends had come to stab anybody else, as they did poor Will Mountford ? My lord's dark face grew darker at this taunt, and wore a mischievous fatal look. They that saw it remembered it, and said so afterward.

When the play was ended the two parties joined company ; and my Lord Castlewood then proposed that they should go to a tavern and sup. Lockit's, the " Greyhound," in Charing Cross, was the house selected. All six marched together that way ; the three lords going ahead, Lord Mohun's captain, and Colonel Westbury and Harry Esmond walking behind them. As they walked, Westbury told Harry Esmond about his old friend Dick the Scholar, who had got promotion, and was Cornet of the Guards, and had wrote a book called the " Christian Hero," and had all the Guards to laugh at him for his pains, for the Christian Hero was breaking the commandments constantly, Westbury said, and had fought one or two duels already. And, in a lower tone, Westbury besought young Mr. Esmond to take no part in the quarrel. " There was no need for more seconds than one," said the Colonel, " and the Captain or Lord Warwick might easily withdraw." But Harry said no ; he was bent on going through with the business. Indeed, he had a plan in his head which, he thought, might prevent my Lord Viscount from engaging.

ng their pipes, and leaning over the railings of the field as they watched the dim battle within, announced that some catastrophe had happened, . . .

They went in at the bar of the tavern, and desired a private room and wine and cards, and when the drawer had brought these, they began to drink and call healths, and as long as the servants were in the room appeared very friendly.

Harry Esmond's plan was no other than to engage in talk with Lord Mohun, to insult him, and so get the first of the quarrel. So when cards were proposed he offered to play. "Psha!" says my Lord Mohun (whether wishing to save Harry, or not choosing to try the *botte de Jésuite*, it is not to be known): "Young gentlemen from College should not play these stakes. You are too young."

"Who dares say I am too young?" broke out Harry. "Is your lordship afraid?"

"Afraid!" cried out Mohun.

But my good Lord Viscount saw the move. "I'll play you for ten moidores, Mohun," says he. "You silly boy, we don't play for groats here as you do at Cambridge." And Harry, who had no such sum in his pocket (for his half-year's salary was always pretty well spent before it was due), fell back with rage and vexation in his heart that he had not money enough to stake.

"I'll stake the young gentleman a crown," says the Lord Mohun's captain.

"I thought crowns were rather scarce with the gentlemen of the army," says Harry.

"Do they birch at College?" says the Captain.

"They birch fools," says Harry, "and they cane bullies, and they fling puppies into the water."

"Faith, then, there's some escapes drowning," says the Captain, who was an Irishman; and all the gentlemen began to laugh, and made poor Harry only more angry.

My Lord Mohun presently snuffed a candle. It was when the drawers brought in fresh bottles and glasses and were in the room—on which my Lord Viscount said: "The Deuce take you, Mohun, how damned awkward you are. Light the candle."

"Damned awkward is a damned awkward expression, my lord," says the other. "Town gentlemen don't use such words."

"I'm a country gentleman," says my Lord Viscount.

"I see it by your manner," says my Lord Mohun. "No man shall say damned awkward to me."

"I fling the words in your face, my lord," says the other; "shall I send the cards too?"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen! before the servants?" cry out Colonel Westbury and my Lord Warwick in a breath. The drawers go out of the room. They tell the people below of the quarrel upstairs.

"Enough has been said," says Colonel Westbury. "Will your lordships meet to-morrow morning?"

"Will my Lord Castlewood withdraw his words?" asks the Earl of Warwick.

"My Lord Castlewood will be —— first," says Colonel Westbury.

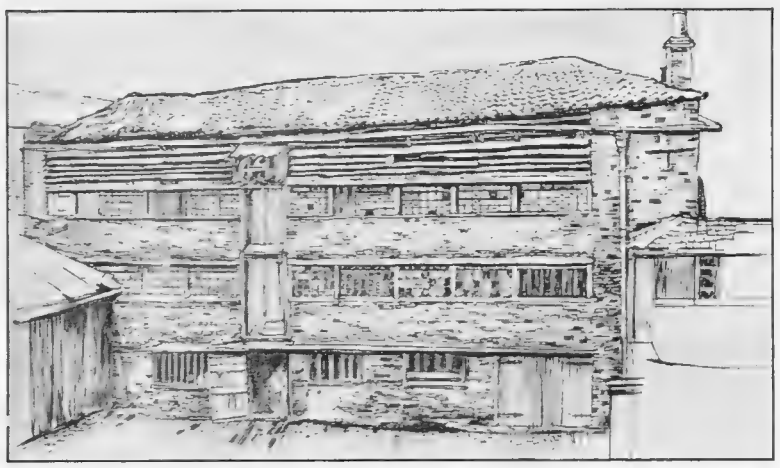
"Then we have nothing for it. Take notice, gentlemen, there have been outrageous words—reparation asked and refused."

(*Concluded on page* 46.)

Esmond went to the fire, and threw the paper into it.

CANONBURY TOWER. It is now used as a club house for boys and girls living on the Marquis of Northampton's Estate

THE PARISH LOCK-UP AT CANNON HALL, WHICH STILL STANDS IN CANNON PLACE, HAMPSTEAD



The eighteenth century Malting Yard at Union Street, Southwark

THE CHERUB IN COCK LANE KNOWN AS THE COCK LANE BOY AND (RIGHT) THE TUDOR PERIOD BUST OF HENRY VIII IN KING'S HEAD YARD, BOROUGH HIGH STREET

KENWOOD'S DUMMY BRIDGE. Lord Mansfield built it to enhance the view from his mansion

THE HOUSE AT CARDINAL CAP ALLEY

THE ANCIENT BRICK ARCH, WHICH IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE SHIP INN, ON HAMMERSMITH MALL

THE GIRL AND BOY IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY COSTUME WHICH STAND IN NICHES IN THE PARISH HALL OF ST. BOTOLPH'S, BISHOPSGATE

LONDON: Quaint and Curious

The "sights" of London are thoroughly visited by tourists and very occasionally by Londoners. But there is a London full of quaint and strange survivals, little known except to seekers of the unusual.

How many people, unless it be those living in the immediate neighbourhood, know of a windmill on Brixton Hill? True, it is shorn of sails, but there it stands, with its well preserved brick-built body and wooden cap.

Who would expect to find a fine example of a wooden-built water mill in the lugubrious locality of Ponders End? Surrounded by factories, the mill remains, even though it no longer functions for its original purpose, as it did when Ponders End was a village.

There is a curious example of peaceful camouflage at the end of the lake below Kenwood, the residence built for the Judge, Lord Mansfield, by the brothers Adam. Lord Mansfield fully shared that foible of his time, a love of vistas, and to enhance his view he instructed his architects to build a "fake" bridge.

Canonbury is a district with a character of its own as well marked as Hampstead. It has lovely squares and houses of fine design, all in first-rate condition.

Dominating its surroundings is the ancient building now known as Canonbury Tower. It has a long history, dating back to the sixteenth century, and is now used as a club house for boys and girls living on the Marquis of Northampton's estate. Oliver Goldsmith lived in a room there at one time.

Thames-side has many features of interest which are pointed out and described to passengers on the boats that ply between Kew and Greenwich. The house at Cardinal Cap Alley, Bankside, is always described as being the residence of Sir Christopher Wren while he was building St. Paul's Cathedral. The story is doubtful, although the famous architect may have used the house, a very charming example of domestic architecture of the period.

London inns have a fascination for visitors and on Hammersmith Mall is an ancient brick-built arch which once formed part of the old Ship Inn.

THE OLD WINDMILL ON BRIXTON HILL

Hampstead is rich in historic buildings. In Cannon Place is the old Parish lock-up, which retains a faintly sinister air reminiscent of old Newgate. It is a fine example of the bricklayers' craft.

A structure of very different character was the malting yard in Union Street, Southwark, which, although built in the eighteenth century, seemed to possess a curious affinity to modern horizontal building construction. It was pulled down only a few months ago.

London's statues form a theme of endless discussion, often spiced with ridicule and derision. But here and there are many, comparatively unknown, of real beauty. High up, built into the wall of the narrow King's Head Yard, in the Borough High Street, Southwark, is a very fine Tudor period bust of King Henry the Eighth which is well worth a visit.

Hard by Liverpool Street Station is St. Botolph's Church, Bishopsgate, Its churchyard has been converted into a charming oasis. The Parish Hall was once a charity school, and in two niches stand delightful, coloured figures of a boy and girl in their eighteenth century costumes.

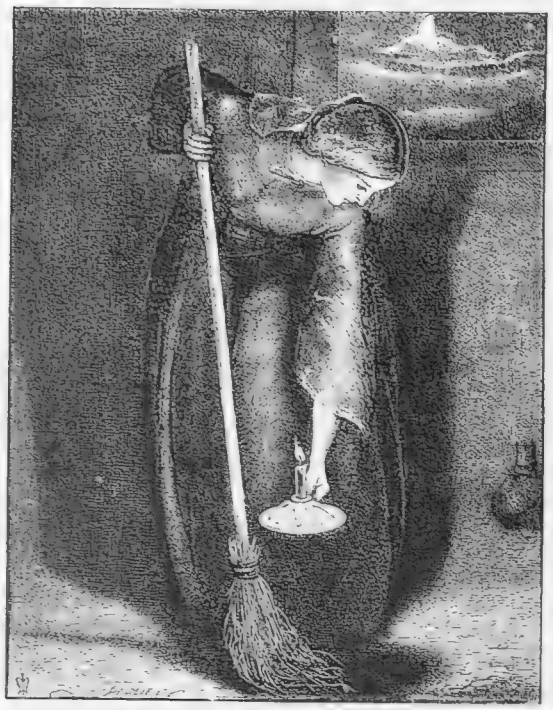
One of the queerest architectural anachronisms in London is the lovely little cherub, built into a modern building in Cock Lane. It may be a relic from a city church destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. Probably, at one time, it possessed wings and it is now resplendent in a coat of gilt paint. It is said to mark the spot where the conflagration stopped. There is a story that a Nonconformist divine preached a sermon containing this interesting passage: "If the fire had begun in Billingsgate, its cause was the sin of blasphemy; if in Drury Lane, lechery; if Westminster, lying; but as it began in Pudding Lane and ended at Pie Corner it must have been gluttony."

Drawings by W. P. Robins, A.R.W.S., R.E.

THE WATER MILL AT PONDERS END

THE GOLDEN AGE of BOOK ILLUSTRATION

By Eirene Owen



SIR JOHN MILLAIS' "THE PARABLE OF THE LOST PIECE OF SILVER." It was engraved by Dalziel, and first published in *Good Words*.

FREDERICK WALKER'S ILLUSTRATION TO A POEM, "BROKEN VICTUALS." Engraved by Dalziel, it was published in *A Round of Days*.

ONE OF ARTHUR HUGHES' ILLUSTRATIONS TO "THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN."
Reproduced by permission of Blackie & Son, Ltd.

WHAT should an illustration be? Just a restatement in line of the author's previous word-picture? Is it meant only for the illiterate or those whose imagination cannot visualise from the printed word—as the cartoon and comic strip serve to-day? Or is such a restatement, on any plane, redundant: an insult to the writer's descriptive powers?

In and around the year 1857 these questions were being put for the first time by a group of young artists whose work was to bring in a new age of book illustration, known ever since as the Golden Age.

Before then the illustrators of poetry and fiction alike had contented themselves with restatement. The most celebrated of them—Phiz, Cruikshanks, Leech—live to-day largely by grace of their author, Dickens. Their illustrations are exact (or perhaps sometimes exaggerated) replicas of characters and characteristics explicit in the text, and so already vivid in the minds of readers. "Very clever likenesses" granted, but superfluous as long as the great original is still with us!

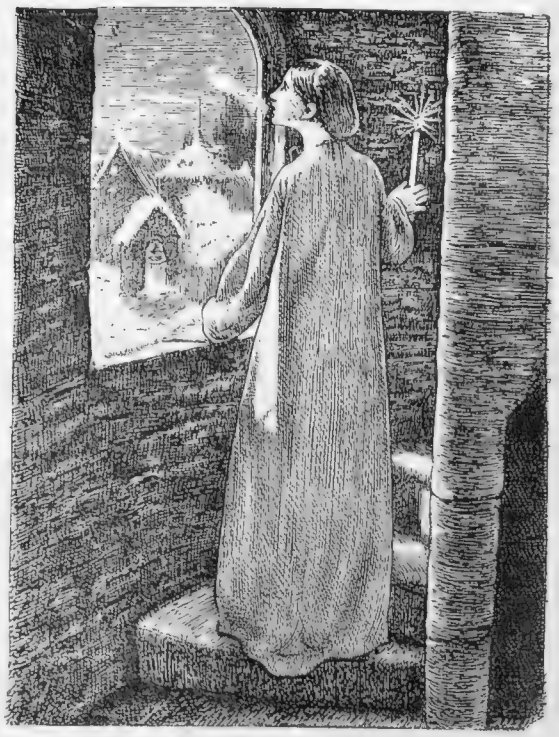
The new illustrators, headed by the already notorious ringleaders of the pre-Raphaelite movement soon set this order of things by the ears when their first commissioned drawings for wood engraving appeared in one volume with representative samples of simple (mostly sentimental) statement from the older school.

That volume, published in 1857, was Moxon's illustrated edition of Tennyson's poems.

The new men, Millais, Rossetti and Holman Hunt, taking their work very seriously, aimed to reveal not only the poet's words but the implicit meaning of his poem, the mood that conceived it and the manner that expressed. Their drawings were to be an elucidation, if necessary an elaboration, even a symbol, of the text. Rossetti indeed treated the poems more as a jumping-off ground, or a theme on which he might create sublime improvisations of his own; but we have his own word for it that in "allegorising off his own hook on the subject of the poem" he wanted above all to avoid "killing for oneself and everyone else a distinct idea of the poet's"; and he, with the others, brought to his work the same exacting standards, the same conscientious labour, and the same intensity of feeling.

Of the three of them, Millais was the most successful (in fact the perfect) interpreter of Tennyson in all his moods. Millais is known to have lacked true imagination but he was extraordinarily sensitive and sympathetic to it in others and living at this time among ardent imaginations he was capable of the highest flights on someone else's—say Tennyson's—wings.

Holman Hunt, on the other hand, had a steady Christian Pegasus of his own, and soaring on the wings of his faith could command the same wide prospect as his author, though not from the identical viewpoint, which resulted sometimes in errors of distortion or sublimation. He assumed Christianity in Tennyson, and a beautiful example of this has been pointed out in "Oriana" where the pagan despair of the poem is underlined by Hunt in the man's action, kneeling idolatrously to his mistress and (no word of this in the poem!) stringing the bow with which he was haplessly to kill her "for luck" against her foot. Tennyson appears to have taken no exception to this, nor to the more serious interpolation into "The Lady of Shallott" of the mirrored shadow of Christ upon the Cross. Indeed Tennyson, indifferent to pictorial art and no doubt blissfully unaware in the first instance of the angels he was about to entertain, seems once the harm was done to have accepted his new illustrators in good part, emitting no more than an occasional grunt of astonishment



SIR JOHN MILLAIS' ILLUSTRATION FOR "SAINT AGNES EVE."
It was engraved by Dalziel and is reproduced from the 1861 edition of Moxon's *Tennyson*.

ARTHUR BOYD HOUGHTON'S ILLUSTRATION FOR "AN ENCOUNTER."
It was engraved by Dalziel and published in *Home Thoughts and Home Scenes*.

ARTHUR BOYD HOUGHTON'S ILLUSTRATION TO A POEM BY JENNETT HUMPHREYS, ENTITLED "BY THE SEA."
Another engraving by the brothers Dalziel published in *Home Thoughts and Home Scenes*.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI'S ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE PALACE OF ART."
It was engraved by Dalziel and is reproduced from Moxon's *Tennyson.*

SIR JOHN MILLAIS' ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE DAY DREAM."
It was engraved by Linton for Moxon's *Tennyson.*

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI'S "SIR GALAHAD."
Another engraving by Linton for Moxon's *Tennyson.*

WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT'S "ORIANA."
A Dalziel engraving for Moxon's *Tennyson.*

at the view they presented him of himself. We know that he did boggle a little at the long flight down which King Cophetua was made to step, but when Hunt pointed out that there was a flight of steps "in the old ballad", if not in Tennyson's poem, the poet subsided (without, of course, admitting the soft impeachment) into a patient mumble of "I only meant one or two"!

Rossetti's drawings—or, to be fair, the engravings from his drawings, for it was a sore point with him that they were "mangled"—aim at the meaning behind the poem as a whole; and if in the light of his peculiar genius he saw more behind it than was in reality, there it was in sublimation or transfiguration more often than in corruption of the face value evident to us. The mystic beauty of his "Vision of Sir Galahad" far transcends the poet, and in "The Lady of Shallott" he compresses the whole passage of the poem into a close-packed, hugger-mugger composition of the Court—or the World—come out to gape upon a Nine Days' Wonder. His most controversial drawing appears to be an illustration of a single verse from "The Palace of Art":

> "Or in a clear walled city on the sea
> Near gilded organ pipes, her hair
> Wound with white roses, slept St. Cicely:
> An angel looked at her."

General bewilderment at Rossetti's treatment of this found voice years later in a query from Holman Hunt to a mutual friend, Layard, as to "what he supposed the wing-like things to be behind the angel's head?" Layard said he'd never particularly noticed them and went home to look. Puzzled, he wrote to Rossetti's brother William. William replied, astringently, that he had always supposed wing-like things to be wings! Layard, still unconvinced that any reasonably competent draughtsman could so singularly fail to draw a wing, evolved a fascinating theory in solution of the picture's passionate sensuality which runs so counter to the verse. This angel, thinks Layard, is no angel. St. Cecilia is, in modern parlance, kidding herself. The wings are the mere disguise of a fleshly lover and her feigned sleep is no more than a shutting of her eyes to the true nature of her feelings. Whether or not there is any substantiation in the legend of St. Cecilia, as "the old ballad" substantiated Holman Hunt's steps, this suggests yet another explanation. We have it on evidence that Rossetti—a slow starter—complained that the others had taken first pick of his favourites; and over "The Lady of Shallott" he and Hunt achieved a compromise of one design each. Now for "The Day Dream" Millais has done *two* illustrations to the Sleeping Beauty story within the story, but in the Envoi and Epilogue of the poem a meaning is hinted at in this story of

> ". . . a costly kiss
> The Prelude to some brighter world"

of a desired response from the Lady Flora, who

> ". . . too dearly self involved
> Yet sleeps a dreamless sleep to me;
> A sleep of kisses undissolved,
> That lets thee (her) neither hear nor see."

It is easily possible that Rossetti, attracted as the sensuous side of his nature would be, might have begun work at least in imagination on this theme of the awakening kiss of Love, seeing it characteristically as an awakening not of flesh to spirit but of spirit to flesh, and then finding, too late, it was bespoken picked in moody perverseness on an alternative capable of carrying his design; throwing around his lover the intentionally transparent disguise of an angel and setting his sleeper not in a rose garden but at St. Cecilia's organ. In comment, too, perhaps on the eagerly sympathetic onlooker in Millais's drawing of drowsy summer and innocent surrender, adding a comment of his own in the soldier who turns his back in cynical boredom on an all-too-familiar scene; thus, at one blow, chipping his ingenuous friend towards whom he was not feeling too friendly, and illustrating his interpretation of one poem in pictorial terms of another—a feat of perverted genius of which he was at least easily capable!

The next battle to be fought by the new illustrators was with the wood-engravers themselves, entrenched in the mysterious technicalities of their craft which the artists were at first slow to appreciate or master.

(*Continued on page* 51)

THE NAMING OF "ROZINANTE."
One of Arthur Boyd Houghton's illustrations engraved by Dalziel for his edition of *Don Quixote.*

HOLMAN HUNT'S "THE LIGHT OF TRUTH."
Engraved by Harral for *Parables from Nature.* It is reproduced by permission of G. Bell & Sons, Ltd.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI'S ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE LADY OF SHALLOTT."
Engraved by Dalziel for Moxon's *Tennyson.*

HOLMAN HUNT'S "KING COPHETUA."
An engraving by T. Williams for Moxon's *Tennyson.*

LIFE in the 18th CENTURY

As described by Francois de la Rochefoucauld in his journal *A Frenchman in England, 1784*

Francois de la Rochefoucauld became a gentleman cadet in 1780 at the age of fifteen. Before a year had passed he was promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant and, in the following year, he occupied the long periods of leisure, customary to a young officer in those days, by undertaking a series of journeys under the guidance of his father, the duc de Liancourt, founder of the School of Arts and Crafts at Châlons and Louis XVI's Master of the Wardrobe. *Anglomanie* was the fashion at that time and the duc de Liancourt, who had visited England in 1769, had studied English agricultural and industrial methods and was particularly concerned that his sons should know something of English life.

"LIFT ME UP!—TIE ME IN MY CHAIR!—FILL MY GLASS!"

A reproduction of one of Henry Alken's illustrations to Jorrocks' "Jaunts and Jollities", published George Routledge & Son, Limited

Henry Alken's drawings depict a later period of English life but manners had changed little since Rochefoucauld made his tour.

THE English way of life is totally different from ours. Even in the smallest details which a Frenchman in England has before his eyes it appears that he must carefully avoid following his usual custom. In its physical aspect their life conspicuously shows this difference.

In order to give rather more precise details in this respect I shall describe the life I have been, and still am, leading day by day since I have been staying in an English country house. I lived in this way with the Duke of Grafton; I am now leading just the same kind of life with Mr. Symonds.

Throughout England it is the custom to breakfast together, the meal resembling a dinner or supper in France. The commonest breakfast hour is 9 o'clock and by that time the ladies are fully dressed with their hair properly done for the day. Breakfast consists of tea and bread and butter in various forms. In the houses of the rich you have coffee, chocolate, and so on. The morning newspapers are on the table and those who want to do so read them during breakfast, so that the conversation is not of a lively nature. At 10 o'clock or 10.30 each member of the party goes off on his own pursuit—hunting, fishing or walking. So the day passes till 4 o'clock, but at 4 o'clock precisely you must present yourself in the drawing room with a great deal more ceremony than we are accustomed to in France. This sudden change of social manners is quite astonishing and I was deeply struck by it. In the morning you come down in riding boots and a shabby coat, you sit where you like, you behave exactly as if you were by yourself, no one takes any notice of you, and it is all extremely comfortable. But in the evening, unless you have just arrived, you must be well washed and well groomed. The standard of politeness is uncomfortably high—strangers go first into the dining room and sit near the hostess and are served in seniority in accordance with a rigid etiquette. In fact, for the first few days I was tempted to think that it was done for a joke.

Dinner is one of the most wearisome of English experiences, lasting, as it does, for four or five hours. The first two are spent in eating and you are compelled to exercise your stomach to the full in order to please your host. He asks you the whole time whether you like the food and presses you to eat more, with the result that, out of pure politeness, I do nothing but eat from the time that I sit down until the time when I get up from the table.

The courses are much the same as in France except that the use of sauce is unknown in the English kitchen and that one seldom sees a *ragoût*. All the dishes consist of various meats either boiled or roasted and of joints weighing about twenty or thirty pounds.

After the sweets, you are given water in small bowls of very clean glass in order to rinse out your mouth—a custom which strikes me as extremely unfortunate. The more fashionable folk do not rinse out their mouths, but that seems to me even worse; for, if you use the water to wash your hands, it becomes dirty and quite disgusting. This ceremony over, the cloth is removed and you behold the most beautiful table that it is possible to see. It is indeed remarkable that the English are so much given to the use of mahogany; not only are their tables generally made of it, but also their doors and seats and the handrails of their staircases. Yet it is just as dear in England as in France. It is a matter which I do not pretend to understand, but I am inclined to think that the English must be richer than we are; certainly I have myself observed not only that everything costs twice as much here as in France, but that the English seize every opportunity to use things which are expensive in themselves. At all events, their tables are made of most beautiful wood and always have a brilliant polish like that of the finest glass. After the removal of the cloth, the table is covered with all kinds of wine, for even gentlemen of modest means alway keep a large stock of good wine. On the middle of the table there is a small quantity of fruit, a few biscuits (to stimulate thirst) and some butter, for many English people take it at dessert.

JORROCKS'S "HUNT BREAKFAST—A TERRIBLE SURPRISE"

Another reproduction of one of Henry Alken's illustrations to Jorrocks' "Jaunts and Jollities", published George Routledge & Son, Limited

At this point all the servants disappear. The ladies drink a glass or two of wine and at the end of half an hour all go out together. It is then that real enjoyment begins—there is not an Englishman who is not supremely happy at this particular moment. One proceeds to drink—sometimes in an alarming measure. Everyone has to drink in his turn, for the bottles make a continuous circuit of the table and the host takes note that everyone is drinking in his turn. After this has gone on for some time and mere thirst has become inadequate reason for drinking, a fresh stimulus is supplied by the drinking of "toasts", that is to say, the host begins by giving

(*Concluded on page* 42)

May all good things be yours this Christmastide

McVITIE & PRICE

Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits

McVITIE & PRICE LTD · EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

(*Continued from page* 40)

the name of a lady ; he drinks to her health and everyone is obliged to do likewise. After the host someone else gives a toast and everyone drinks to the health of everyone else's lady. Then each member of the party names some man and the whole ceremony begins again. If more drinking is required, fresh toasts are always ready to hand ; politics can supply plenty—one drinks to the health of Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox or Lord North. . . . This is the time I like best : conversation is as free as can be, everyone expresses his political opinions with as much frankness as he would employ upon personal subjects. Sometimes conversation becomes extremely free upon highly indecent topics—complete licence is allowed and I have come to the conclusion that the English do not associate the same ideas with certain words that we do. Very often I have heard things mentioned in good society which would be in the grossest taste in France.

At the end of two or three hours a servant announces that tea is ready and conducts the gentlemen from their drinking to join the ladies in the drawing room, where they are usually employed in making tea and coffee. After making tea, one generally plays whist, and at midnight there is cold meat for those who are hungry. While the game is going on, there is punch on a table for those who want it.

This fascinating account of the eating habits of the 18th century English is preceded by notes on drinking and concerning servants.

Throughout the whole of England the drinking of tea is general. You have it twice a day and, though the expense is considerable, the humblest peasant has his tea twice a day just like the rich man ; the total consumption is immense. The high cost of sugar or molasses, of which large quantities are required, does not prevent this custom being a universal one, to which there are no exceptions. It provides the rich with an opportunity to display their magnificence in the matter of tea-pots, cups, and so on, which are always of most elegant design based upon Etruscan and other models of antiquity. It is also the custom for the youngest lady of the household to make the tea.

The popular beverage is beer, of which there are five or six kinds. The best known is " small beer," but even this is dearer than wine in France. It might be possible, I think, to grow the vine in England, or so I have heard people with a knowledge of agriculture assert, but it would be feasible only on the reverse slopes of fairly high mountains facing south. The prevailing wind is an insurmountable obstacle in the way of cultivating the vine in any other aspect and, as the climate is colder and more variable than ours, there would often be a risk of bad harvests, even in the most favoured soil. Consequently they find it more profitable to plough their land.

In some counties cider is drunk, but it is not so common as beer. The wine ordinarily served is port. The English have exclusive trading rights with Portugal on the express condition that they drink her wine. It is so bad and thick that, unless the English took it as part of their trade bargain, the Portuguese would not be able to get rid of it.

In general, the English have many more servants than we have, but more than half of them are never seen—kitchen maids, stablemen, maid-servants in large numbers—all of them being required in view of the high standard of cleanliness. Every Saturday, for instance, it is customary to wash the whole house from attic to basement, outside and in. These servants constitute the main part of the employers' expenses ; they are boarded according to general custom and the food required is immense—they never leave the table and there is a supply of cold meat, tea, and punch from morning till night. I have already remarked the universal consumption of tea in England from the lowest peasant to the highest of the nobility and in such large quantities that it is reckoned that in the course of the year every single person, man or woman, on the average consumes four pounds of tea. That is truly enormous.

English servants, whether employed by great lords or gentlemen of moderate means, have practically nothing to do. They are the laziest set of people it is possible to meet. All they have to do is to wait at table and at tea, sometimes to dress their masters' hair, but nothing else. In every house there is one who is responsible for the expenses ; he combines the functions of butler, steward and valet and is very often a Frenchman.

Before a servant can enter a house, he must have served his apprenticeship. Parliament has enacted that he must live for six years with an employer who will not pay him wages but will clothe and feed him ; he must work from six in the morning to six at night, with two hours free for meals—all this is laid down by Act of Parliament. If the young man finds some better situation, he cannot take it save with the consent of his master. In fact he is virtually his slave for the period of six years and only on this condition can he acquire the right to settle in the parish where he has served his apprenticeship. This right entitles him to be treated if he falls sick for any length of time and is unable to pay ; to be taken care of if he falls into poverty ; and to receive assistance in his old age—assistance which in England is so excessive that, once given, the recipients have no further need to work and from poverty they pass to ease and idleness.

Concerning English manners, Rochefoucauld writes :

It would be impossible to be more easy-going in good society than one is in England. Formality counts for nothing, and for the greater part of the time one pays no attention to it. Thus, judged by French standards, the English, and especially the women, seem lacking in polite behaviour. They never receive any instruction in the subject, and all the young people whom I have met in society in Bury give the impression of being what we should call badly brought up : they hum under their breath, they whistle, they sit down in a large arm-chair and put their feet on another, they sit on any table in the room and do a thousand other things which would be ridiculous in France, but are done quite naturally in England. What I have said on this topic is quite strictly accurate. I could point to ten young people who behave in this way every day, and I should limit myself to ten, because this is all I have met at Bury ; but I feel sure that all the young folk are the same. To contrast with this what one may have observed in London is irrelevant, since that is an entirely different thing. Perhaps they might not be so free and easy in London society, but certainly when they are at home they behave in this way in the company of their friends.

Reproduced by permission of M. Bernard

THE YORK TO LONDON COACH AT THE GEORGE INN, STAMFORD, BY J. F. HERRING

John Frederick Herring, the 19th century " artist-coachman," born in 1795, was first employed in coach-painting at Doncaster, and later as a stage-coachman, driving the " York to London Highflyer " for four years. All this time he was painting in his leisure hours until friends assisted him to give up the reins and devote all his time to his art. In 1826, he began exhibiting at the Royal Academy, and he was a member of the Society of British Artists from 1841 to 1852. His work became very popular and among his patrons were George IV, Queen Victoria and the Duke of Orleans. The above painting is dated 1844. He died at Tunbridge Wells in 1865.

HOW MANY SCHWEPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS?

Let schweppervescence last the whole Christmas through

—and the sponging, and the plaistering, and the sobbing, and the moaning, made me quite ashamed to look Master Stickles in the face.

THE DOONES ATTACK

(Continued from page 23)

hung back, to think at their leisure what this was. They were not used to this sort of thing: it was neither just nor courteous.

Being unable any longer to contain myself, as I thought of Lorna's excitement at all this noise of firing, I came across the yard, expecting whether they would shoot at me. However, no one shot at me; and I went up to Carver Doone, whom I knew by his size in the moonlight, and I took him by the beard, and said, "Do you call yourself a man?"

For a moment, he was so astonished that he could not answer. None had ever dared, I suppose, to look at him in that way; and he saw that he had met his equal, or perhaps his master. And then he tried a pistol at me; but I was too quick for him.

"Now, Carver Doone, take warning," I said to him, very soberly; "you have shown yourself a fool, by your contempt of me. I may not be your match in craft; but I am in manhood. You are a despicable villain. Lie low in your native muck."

And with that word, I laid him flat upon his back in our straw-yard, by a trick of the inner heel, which he could not have resisted (though his strength had been twice as great as mine), unless he were a wrestler. Seeing him down, the others ran, though one of them made a shot at me, and some of them got their horses, before our men came up; and some went away without them. And among these last was Captain Carver, who arose, while I was feeling myself (for I had a little wound), and strode away with a train of curses enough to poison the light of the moon.

We gained six very good horses, by this attempted rapine, as well as two young prisoners, whom I had smitten by the clover-rick. And two dead Doones were left behind, whom (as we buried them in the church-yard, without any service over them) I for my part was most thankful that I had not killed. For to have the life of a fellow-man laid upon one's conscience—deserved be his death, or deserved it not—is to my sense of right and wrong the heaviest of all burdens; and the one that wears most deeply inwards, with the dwelling of the mind on this view and on that of it.

I was inclined to pursue the enemy and try to capture more of them; but Jeremy Stickles would not allow it, for he said that all the advantage would be upon their side, if we went hurrying after them, with only the moon to guide us. And who could tell but what there might be another band of them, ready to fall upon the house, and burn it, and seize the women, if we left them unprotected? When he put the case thus, I was glad enough to abide by his decision. And one thing was quite certain, that the Doones had never before received so rude a shock, and so violent a blow to their supremacy, since first they had built up their power, and become the Lords of Exmoor. I knew that Carver Doone would gnash those mighty teeth of his, and curse the men around him, for the blunder (which was in truth his own) of over confidence and carelessness. And at the same time, all the rest would feel that such a thing had never happened, while old Sir Ensor was alive; and that it was caused by nothing short of gross mismanagement.

I scarcely know who made the greatest fuss about my little wound, mother, or Annie, or Lorna. I was heartily ashamed to be so treated like a milksop; but most unluckily it had been impossible to hide it. For the ball had cut along my temple, just above the eye-brow; and being fired so near at hand, the powder too had scarred me. Therefore it seemed a great deal worse than it really was; and the sponging, and the plaistering, and the sobbing, and the moaning, made me quite ashamed to look Master Stickles in the face.

However, at last I persuaded them that I had no intention of giving up the ghost that night; and then they all fell to, and thanked God with an emphasis quite unknown in church. And hereupon Master Stickles said, in his free and easy manner (for no one courted his observation), that I was the luckiest of all mortals in having a mother, and a sister, and a sweetheart, to make much of me. For his part, he said, he was just as well off, in not having any to care for him. For now he might go and get shot, or stabbed, or knocked on the head, at his pleasure, without any one being offended. I made bold, upon this, to ask him what was become of his wife; for I had heard him speak of having one. He said that he neither knew nor cared; and perhaps I should be like him some day. That Lorna should hear such sentiments was very grievous to me. But she looked at me with a smile, which proved her contempt for all such ideas; and lest any thing still more unfit might be said, I dismissed the question.

But Master Stickles told me afterwards when there was no one with us, to have no faith in any woman, whatever she might seem to be. For he assured me that now he possessed very large experience, for so small a matter; being thoroughly acquainted with women of every class, from ladies of the highest blood, to Bonarobaf, and peasant wives; and that they all might be divided into three heads and no more; that is to say as follows. First, the very hot and passionate, who were contemptible; second, the cold and indifferent, who were simply odious; and third, the mixture of the other two, who had the bad qualities of both. As for reason, none of them had it: it was like a sealed book to them, which if they ever tried to open, they began at the back of the cover.

Please yourself . . .

Not long ago, many women indulged in perfume only on special occasions or to please the opposite sex. The modern way is to buy it and use it habitually—to please yourself as well as others. Then it becomes as much a part of your individuality as the turn of your head, the tone of your voice or your taste in clothes

Yardley perfumes are cherished by well-groomed women all over the world. Which is for you? Is it "Bond Street," to surround you with a subtle aura of sophistication? Is it light-hearted, exotic "Orchis"? Or could it be the dewy-fresh "April Violets," of whose gay charm you will never tire? No need to wait for a gift when you can enhance your personality this very day

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THE DUEL IN LEICESTER FIELD

(*Continued from page* 35)

"And refused," says my Lord Castlewood, putting on his hat. "Where shall the meeting be, and when?"

"Since my lord refuses me satisfaction, which I deeply regret, there is no time so good as now," says my Lord Mohun. "Let us have chairs and go to Leicester Field."

"Are your lordship and I to have the honour of exchanging a pass or two?" says Colonel Westbury, with a low bow to my Lord of Warwick and Holland.

"It is an honour for me," says my lord, with a profound congee, "to be matched with a gentleman who has been at Mons and Namur."

"Will your Reverence permit me to give you a lesson?" says the Captain.

"Nay, nay, gentlemen, two on a side are plenty," says Harry's patron. "Spare the boy, Captain Macartney," and he shook Harry's hand—for the last time, save one, in his life.

At the bar of the tavern all the gentlemen stopped, and my Lord Viscount said, laughing, to the barwoman, that those cards set people sadly a-quarrelling; but that the dispute was over now, and the parties were all going away to my Lord Mohun's house, in Bow Street, to drink a bottle more before going to bed.

A half-dozen of chairs were now called, and the six gentlemen stepping into them, the word was privately given to the chairmen to go to Leicester Field, where the gentlemen were set down opposite the "Standard Tavern." It was midnight, and the town was a-bed by this time, and only a few lights in the windows of the houses; but the night was bright enough for the unhappy purpose which the disputants came about; and so all six entered that fatal square, the chairmen standing without the railing and keeping the gate, lest any persons should disturb the meeting.

THE DUEL IN LEICESTER FIELD.

A reproduction of one of George Du Maurier's illustrations from the 1879 edition of *The History of Henry Esmond, Esq.*, published by Smith Elder & Company.

All that happened there hath been matter of public notoriety, and is recorded, for warning to lawless men, in the annals of our country. After being engaged for not more than a couple of minutes, as Harry Esmond thought (though being occupied at the time with his own adversary's point, which was active, he may not have taken a good note of time), a cry from the chairmen without, who were smoking their pipes, and leaning over the railings of the field as they watched the dim combat within, announced that some catastrophe had happened, which caused Esmond to drop his sword and look round, at which moment his enemy wounded him in the right hand. But the young man did not heed this hurt much, and ran up to the place where he saw his dear master was down.

My Lord Mohun was standing over him.

"Are you much hurt, Frank?" he asked in a hollow voice.

"I believe I'm a dead man," my lord said from the ground.

"No, no, not so," says the other; "and I call God to witness, Frank Esmond, that I would have asked your pardon, had you but given me a chance. In—in the first cause of our falling out, I swear that no one was to blame but me, and—and that my lady——"

"Hush!" says my poor Lord Viscount, lifting himself on his elbow and speaking faintly. "'Twas a dispute about the cards—the cursed cards. Harry, my boy, are you wounded too? God help thee! I loved thee, Harry, and thou must watch over my little Frank—and—and carry this little heart to my wife."

And here my dear lord felt in his breast for a locket he wore there, and, in the act, fell back fainting.

We were all at this terrified, thinking him dead; but Esmond and Colonel Westbury bade the chairmen come into the field; and so my lord was carried to one Mr. Aimes, a surgeon in Long Acre, who kept a bath, and there the house was wakened up, and the victim of this quarrel carried in.

My Lord Viscount was put to bed, and his wound looked to by the surgeon, who seemed both kind and skilful. When he had looked to my lord, he bandaged up Harry Esmond's hand (who, from loss of blood, had fainted too, in the house, and may have been some time unconscious); and when the young man came to himself, you may be sure he eagerly asked what news there were of his dear patron; on which the surgeon carried him to the room where the Lord Castlewood lay; who had already sent for a priest, and desired earnestly, they said, to speak with his kinsman. He was lying on a bed, very pale and ghastly, with that fixed, fatal look in his eyes which betokens death; and faintly beckoning all the other persons away from him with his hand, and crying out "Only Harry Esmond," the hand fell powerless down on the coverlet, as Harry came forward, and knelt down and kissed it.

"Thou art all but a priest, Harry," my Lord Viscount gasped out, with a faint smile, and pressure of his cold hand. "Are they all gone? Let me make thee a death-bed confession."

And with sacred Death waiting, as it were, at the bed-foot, as an awful witness of his words, the poor dying soul gasped out his last wishes in respect of his family; his humble profession of contrition for his faults, and his charity towards the world he was leaving. Some things he said concerned Harry Esmond as much as they astonished him. And my Lord Viscount, sinking visibly, was in the midst of these strange confessions, when the ecclesiastic for whom my lord had sent, Mr. Atterbury, arrived.

My lord, hearing of Mr. Atterbury's arrival, and squeezing Esmond's hand, asked to be alone with the priest; and Esmond left them there for this solemn interview. You may be sure that his own prayers and grief accompanied that dying benefactor. My lord had said to him that which confounded the young man—informed him of a secret which greatly concerned him. Indeed, after hearing it, he had had good cause for doubt and dismay; for mental anguish as well as resolution. While the colloquy between Mr. Atterbury and his dying penitent took place within, an immense contest of perplexity was agitating Lord Castlewood's young companion.

At the end of an hour—it may be more—Mr. Atterbury came out of the room, looking very hard at Esmond, and holding a paper.

"He is on the brink of God's awful judgment," the priest whispered. "He has made his breast clean to me. He forgives and believes, and makes restitution. Shall it be in public? Shall we call a witness to sign it?"

"God knows," sobbed out the young man, "my dearest lord has only done me kindness all his life."

The priest put the paper into Esmond's hand. He looked at it. It swam before his eyes.

"'Tis a confession," he said.

"'Tis as you please," said Mr. Atterbury.

There was a fire in the room, where the cloths were drying for the baths, and there lay a heap in a corner, saturated with the blood of my dear lord's body. Esmond went to the fire, and threw the paper into it. 'Twas a great chimney with glazed Dutch tiles. The burning paper lighted it up.

"'Tis only a confession, Mr. Atterbury," said the young man. He leaned his head against the mantelpiece; a burst of tears came to his eyes. They were the first he had shed as he sat by his lord, scared by this calamity, and more yet by what the poor dying gentleman had told him, and shocked to think that he should be the agent of bringing this double misfortune on those he loved best.

"Let us go to him," said Mr. Esmond. And accordingly they went into the next chamber, where by this time the dawn had broken, which showed my lord's poor pale face and wild appealing eyes, that wore that awful fatal look of coming dissolution. The surgeon was with him. He went into the chamber as Atterbury came out thence. My Lord Viscount turned round his sick eyes towards Esmond. It choked the other to hear that rattle in his throat.

"My Lord Viscount," says Mr. Atterbury, "Mr. Esmond wants no witnesses, and hath burned the paper."

"My dearest master!" Esmond said, kneeling down, and taking his hand and kissing it.

My Lord Viscount sprang up in his bed, and flung his arms round Esmond. "God bl—bless——" was all he said. The blood rushed from his mouth, deluging the young man. My dearest lord was no more. He was gone with a blessing on his lips, and love and repentance and kindness in his manly heart.

"*Benedicti benedicentes*," says Mr. Atterbury, and the young man kneeling at the bedside groaned out an "Amen."

"Who shall take the news to her?" was Mr. Esmond's next thought. And on this he besought Mr. Atterbury to bear the tidings to Castlewood. He could not face his mistress himself with those dreadful news. Mr. Atterbury complying kindly, Esmond writ a hasty note on his table-book to my lord's man, bidding him get the horses for Mr. Atterbury, and ride with him, and send Esmond's own valise to the Gatehouse prison, whither he resolved to go and give himself up.

The purr of wheels as the hors d'œuvres glide by . . . and the discreet squeak of a cork yielding its treasure of fine wine. The bubbling of soft laughter from a distant table . . . and the echoing tinkle from the crystal drops of the candelabrum. Two half-remembered bars of magic from the ballet's pas de deux . . . the blessed knowledge that there's no further need to hurry on . . . And for perfection, one thing more—

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A CLOWN PLAYING A MANDOLIN: This delightful model strums the mandolin, while balancing a revolving ball on his nose and chattering to himself while he is performing. He is gaily dressed in satin and lace ruffles.

THE NOVELTY SELLER: As he nods, smiles and blinks, a musical box plays and the apple opens to reveal a singing monkey; the pear opens to display a waltzing couple; and the peach opens to show a white mouse chasing its own tail.

HARPO MONKEY: This amusing model plucks the harp in realistic manner and, at the same time, turns his head and blinks and grimaces at his audience. It is one of the collection of over a hundred musical toys which are owned by Mr. H. Steiner. Many of them were broken and he has restored them to working condition.

(*Continued from page* 24)

In Mr. Steiner's collection is an ebony box about the size of a vanity case. To-day it might house a miniature wireless set, which would proceed to blare out the nine o'clock news when opened. This charming conceit, however, reveals a small circular gilt disc from which springs a feathered bird less than an inch in height, which proceeds to ruffle its wings and open its little beak in song. At the end of the song it automatically disappears.

An even smaller musical toy is a gold seal which Mr. Steiner wears at the waist as a fob. This is the work of the legendary Fabergé, the Court jeweller of the last of the Czars, who is now recognised as a supreme artist, the like of which may never be seen again. A button in the fob is pressed whereupon the seal gives out a pretty little tune.

For the music is in almost all cases an essential part of these toys and gives them their child-like fascination.

As Victorian opulence grew, so did the musical toys, until they were being made worthy to fit into the spacious mansions of the day. In the Steiner collection is one grimacing clown (a French-made model) over five feet in height. Another period find, in a London junkyard, is a massive affair of bronze and marble.

Many of the models reflect the fashionable 18th century love for the Negro servant, while many are dressed in that odd costume which the Victorians considered fit and proper for the Oriental.

Perhaps the biggest mystery is to determine what age of customer the maker had in mind when designing the toy or doll. Some are obviously to please the rich man's children. Others are quite evidently more sophisticated. It is a pretty picture which suggests itself, of some rich bearded Victorian merchant, sated with a ten-course dinner, cigar in one hand and liqueur in the other, taking in his guests to reveal the latest dancing girl doing a discreet can-can.

Among the latter type of musical toy is the complete orchestral unit, emitting a cacophany which can often be still heard on seaside piers by inserting a penny. The automatic orchestra survived in the smaller cinemas until the coming

(*Concluded on page* 54)

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Truffle, three of the
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DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI'S ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE PALACE OF ART."
Another Dalziel engraving for Moxon's *Tennyson.*

FREDERICK WALKER'S, "THE LAST SERMON."
It was originally engraved by Swain as an illustration to Thackeray's *The Adventures of Philip.* Later, Walker made the oil painting bearing the above title.

"A PRINCESS MUSTN'T GIVE KISSES."
An Arthur Hughes drawing from *The Princess and the Goblin,* engraved by Dalziel. Reproduced by permission of William Blackie & Son, Limited.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF BOOK ILLUSTRATION

(*Continued from page* 39)

Their genius raised much the same problems for the engraver as they had already met and answered. Was the engraver to adjust to his experience and ability these sometimes quite unreproducible drawings and washes and make the best job he could of them from his own, the craftsman's, point of view? Or was he to submit his knowledge of what could and could not be done to an experimental catching as best he might at the spirit and intention of the artists' style, perhaps at the risk of his own reputation? The battle was short, bloody, and the day was with the artists: though Rossetti must be counted a casualty for he seldom drew for wood-engraving again.

The fight was half won already when the pre-Raphaelites were reinforced by battalions of still younger men—notably George Pinwell, Frederick Walker and Arthur Boyd Houghton—who learned from them and shared their aims, but who took the practical step of apprenticing themselves for part of their training to Wymper, an artist-engraver.

The paper "Once a Week," first published in 1859, struck what proved the death-blow when it ruled that all illustrations must be cut from the artists' own drawings *upon the wood.*

It was not long then before Swain, one of the leading engravers, was instructing his workmen always to "search the drawing for the motives of the artist and work up to that." The celebrated Dalziel Brothers were the first to recognise the value of the work they were entrusted with, but had more individuality in themselves first to be subdued.

From 1859 for the next ten or fifteen years "Once a Week," "Good Words" and the "Cornhill" kept everybody, artists and engravers alike, in a constant rush of work that was hardly ever scamped, seldom less than thorough, small wonder if it were not always inspired! And besides this work for the periodicals, which in other hands would have been pot-boiling, the illustration of magnificent gift-books went on. As time went by and the original pre-Raphaelites had less and less time to spare from painting, the heat and burden of the day fell upon younger—and frailer—shoulders. Very early in their careers, almost before they were ready for it, these almost equally celebrated men were commissioned to illustrate one book after another; sometimes as solo artists as in the case of Boyd Houghton's "Arabian Nights," "Home Thoughts" and "Don Quixote" or Pinwell's "Illustrated Goldsmith," or with their peers and masters in Dalziel's "Bible Pictures," Wilmott's "Poets of the Nineteenth Century" and "Sacred Poetry," or in "Wayside Poesies" and "A Round of Days" to name only a very few. While in a star-like radiance all his own Arthur Hughes, another pre-Raphaelite, brought to the illustration of children's stories a child's own double vision of real and imaginary things.

Of George Pinwell, almost entirely self-taught as man and artist, his biographer, G. C. Williamson writes: "Pinwell always read the poem or story presented him with great care, thought over the scenes described, and then endeavoured to depict them as taking place as he believed the author had imagined them at the time." Which is to say that he approached his work in the spirit of an actor who so identifies himself with his part that the scenes acted appear to him and others to come from a fully realised existence "off-stage." This quality of "real-ness" in his drawings can always be felt, together with his other quality of simple pathos. He had, to quote Williamson again, "the ability to see the poetry in a simple scene and the ability to depict it so that the observer *may realise the same thought*"—abilities not always found hand in hand. Pinwell never had time in his tragically short life to catch up on his shortcomings as a draughtsman. He was too busy earning his living ever to go back for the schooling he missed at the start, and for that the brilliant Fred Walker is said to have despised him. It was probably a short-coming of Walker's own, however, which blunted his appreciation, for Walker, like Millais, lacked imagination. Like his acknowledged master he took inspiration from his

(*Concluded on page* 56)

GEORGE PINWELL'S ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE ANGEL'S SONG."
It was engraved by Dalziel and was originally published in *Idyllic Pictures.*

GEORGE PINWELL'S ILLUSTRATION TO A POEM, "THE ISLAND BEE."
It was engraved by Dalziel for publication in a book of poems, *Wayside Poesies.*

THE PRINCESS'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER
Another Arthur Hughes illustration for *The Princess and the Goblin,* engraved by Dalziel. It is reproduced by permission of Blackie & Son, Limited.

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An appetiser that appeals to every taste:
2 parts 'Myers'
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6 drops fresh lemon juice per glass
Dash of Angostura per glass.
Shake well with ice and serve in cocktail glasses.

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For a long drink this cannot be equalled:
Pour a measure of 'Myers' into a tall glass. Add two cubes of ice. Fill with a good ginger ale. Put in a round lemon slice. Stir and serve.
N.B. It's a grand drink even without ice.

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This will warm the cockles of your heart—and it's simplicity itself to make:
Pour a measure of 'Myers' into a cup or glass. Add a tablespoon of sugar and juice of half a lemon. Fill with boiling water. Serve with a pinch of nutmeg or powdered cinnamon.

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THE ENGLISH CHRISTMAS

The following account comes from *Curiosities of Literature*, by Isaac Disraeli, father of Lord Beaconsfield. The book is a fascinating collection of essays on a very wide range of subjects, and the extract printed below is under the dignified title of *Ancient and Modern Saturnalia*. An illustration of the Lord of Misrule is published on page 11 of this issue.

IN England our festivities at Christmas appear to have been more entertaining than in other countries. We were once famed for merry Christmases and their pies; witness the Italian proverb, "*Ha piu di fare che i forni di Natale in Inghilterra*": "He has more business than English ovens at Christmas.". Wherever the king resided, there was created for that merry season a Christmas prince, usually called "the *Lord of Misrule*;" and whom the Scotch once knew under the significant title of "the *Abbot of Unreason*." His office, according to Stowe, was "to make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholder." Every nobleman, and every great family, surrendered their houses, during this season, to the Christmas prince, who found rivals and usurpers in almost every parish; and more particularly, as we shall see, among the grave students in our Inns of Court.

The Italian Polydore Vergil, who, residing here, had clearer notions of this facetious personage, considered the Christmas prince as peculiar to our country. Without venturing to ascend in his genealogy, we must admit his relationship to that ancient family of foolery we have noticed, whether he be legitimate or not. If this whimsical personage, at his creation, was designed to regulate "misrule," his lordship, invested with plenary power, came himself, at length, to delight too much in his "merry disports." Stubbes, a morose puritan in the days of Elizabeth, denominates him "a grand captaine of mischiefe," and has preserved a minute description of all his wild doings in the country; but as Strutt has anticipated me in this amusing extract, I must refer to his *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, p. 254. I prepare another scene of unparalleled Saturnalia, among the grave judges and serjeants of the law, where the Lord of Misrule is viewed amidst his frolicsome courtiers, with the humour of hunting the fox and the cat with ten couple of hounds round their great hall, among the other merry disports of those joyous days when sages could play like boys.

For those who can throw themselves back amidst the grotesque humours and clumsy pastimes of our ancestors, who, without what we think to be taste, had whim and merriment—there has been fortunately preserved a curious history of the manner in which "A grand Christmas" was kept at our Inns of Court, by the grave and learned Dugdale, in his *Origines Juridicales*: it is a complete festival of foolery, acted by the students and law-officers. They held for that season everything in mockery: they had a mock parliament, a Prince of *Sophie*, or Wisdom, an honourable order of Pegasus, a high constable, a marshal, a master of the game, a ranger of the forest, lieutenant of the Tower, which was a temporary prison for Christmas delinquents, all the paraphernalia of a court, burlesqued by these youthful sages before the boyish judges.

The characters personified were in the costume of their assumed offices. On Christmas Day, the constable-marshal, accoutred with a complete gilded "harness," showed that everything was to be chivalrously ordered; while the lieutenant of the Tower, in "a fair white armour," attended with his troop of halberdiers; and the Tower was then placed beneath the fire. After this opening followed the costly feasting; and then, nothing less than a hunt with a pack of hounds in their hall!

The master of the game dressed in green velvet, and the ranger of the forest in green satin, bearing a green bow and arrows, each with a hunting horn about his neck, blowing together three blasts of venery (or hunting), they pace round about the fire three times. The master of the game kneels to be admitted into the service of the high constable. A huntsman comes into the hall, with nine or ten couple of hounds, bearing on the end of his staff a pursenet, which holds a fox and a cat: these were let loose and hunted by the hounds, and killed beneath the fire.

These extraordinary amusements took place after their repast; for these grotesque Saturnalia appeared after that graver part of their grand Christmas. Supper ended, the constable-marshal presented himself with drums playing, mounted on a stage borne by four men, and carried round; at length he cries out, "a lord! a lord!" &c., and then calls his mock court, every one by name.

Sir Francis Flatterer, of Fowlshurt.
Sir Randall Rackabite, of Rascal-hall, in the county of Rakehell.
Sir Morgan Mumchance, of Much Monkery, in the county of Mad-mopery.
Sir Bartholomew Bald-breech, of Buttock-bury, in the county of Break-neck.

They had also their mock arraignments. The king's-serjeant, after dinner or supper, "oratour-like", complained that the constable-marshal had suffered great disorders to prevail; the complaint was answered by the common-serjeant, who was to show his talent at defending the cause. The King's-serjeant replies; they rejoin, &c.: till one at length is committed to the Tower, for being found most deficient. If any offender contrived to escape from the lieutenant of the Tower into the buttery and brought into the hall a merchet (or small loaf) upon the point of a knife, he was pardoned; for the buttery in this jovial season was considered as a sanctuary. Then began the *revels*. Blout derives this term from the French *reveiller*, to awake from sleep. These were sports of dancing, masking comedies, &c. (for some were called solemn revels), used in great houses, and were so denominated because they were performed by night; and these various pastimes were regulated by a master of the revels.

Amidst "the grand Christmass" a personage of no small importance was "the Lord of Misrule." His lordship was abroad early in the morning, and if he lacked any of his officers, he entered their chambers to drag forth the loiterers; but after breakfast his lordship's power ended, and it was in suspense till night, when his personal presence was paramount, or, as Dugdale expresses it, "and then his power is most potent."

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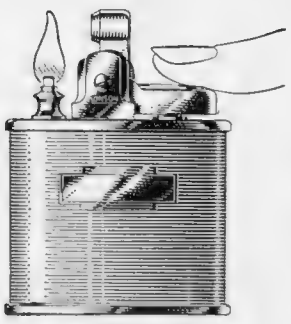

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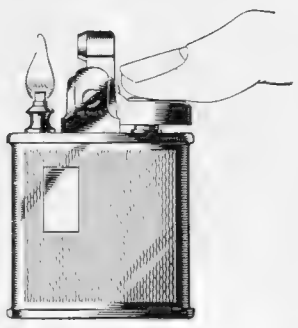

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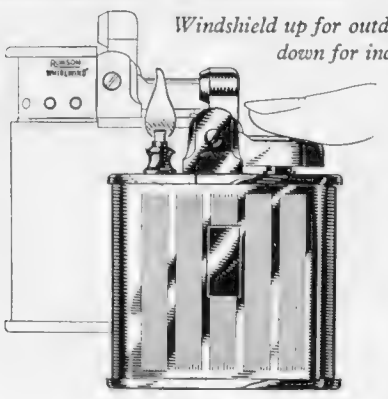

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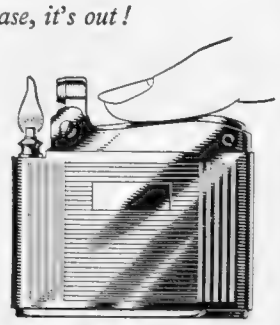

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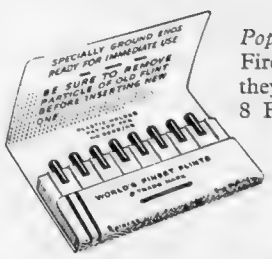

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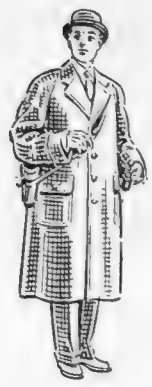

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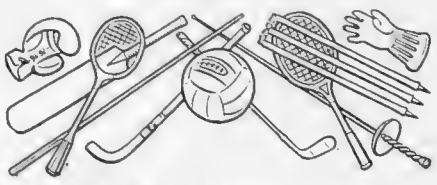

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THE ADVENTURES OF THE "DUKE" AND "DUCHESS"

(*Continued from page* 20)

been to the southward, and where we have no night." At last they were in the South Sea. But the cold and miserable condition of the crews of both vessels was such that they were in urgent need of rest and refreshment. Accordingly, Rogers set a course for the nearest land, and on the morning of January 31st, 1709, the island of Juan Fernandez was sighted seven leagues distant to the W.S.W.

A light had been seen on the island from the *Duke* the night before, and, believing it to come from French or Spanish ships at anchor, the two vessels made ready to engage. No enemy appeared, however, and when at last the pinnace went ashore, she returned bringing with her "a man clothed in goat-skins, who looked wilder than the first owners of them." He proved to be Alexander Selkirk, a Scottish seaman and mate of the *Cinque Ports*, who had been put ashore on the island by his own wish after a disagreement between himself and Captain Stradling, the master of the ship. He had lived on the island for four years and four months, happily enough after he grew used to the solitude, hunting goats for his food and clothing, and with his numerous cats, castaways like himself, for company.

Selkirk's fate, as it proved, was better than that of his former captain, for, as Woodes Rogers later learned from the crew of a small Spanish prize, the *Cinque Ports* foundered on the coast of Barbacour, and Captain Stradling, with six or seven others who survived, languished in prison at Lima for four years. So that Selkirk, "absolute Monarch," as Rogers, anticipating Cowper's famous poem, called him, had after all the better of the bargain.

The *Duke* and *Duchess* continued to cruise in the Pacific for some time, taking prizes, mostly of no great size, and carrying out a raid on Guayaquil, which they plundered and held to ransom. There followed a long and weary watch for the Manila treasure-ship, and it had been all but decided to abandon the cruise and sail for England when a strange sail was sighted which proved to be the coveted prize. A brief but brisk engagement followed, which ended with the capture of the galleon, the *Nostra Señora de la Encarnación Desengãno,*" with only two casualties in the *Duke*. A day or two later a second, and larger, Manila ship was sighted. But she proved a harder nut to crack. The *Duke* and *Duchess* had not heavy enough metal for the job; and after they had suffered a good deal of damage and several casualties, it was decided to break off the engagement and return to harbour to look after the prize already taken.

The *Duke* and *Duchess* now sailed for England, and at last dropped anchor at Erith on October 14th, 1711, three years and one month after leaving the Cove of Cork. Two small ships had thus successfully carried out one of the most notable privateering voyages in history, and had brought home—what? A little glory; a little treasure, soon forgotten, soon spent, as is the way with money hardly come by. That, and something more. A story which, fashioned into romance by Defoe's master hand, was destined for centuries to come to delight the hearts of British boyhood, and waken in them that desire for the salt sea roads which is their age-old heritage.

This narrative was based on Captain Woodes Rogers' original journal, published in 1889 *by Chapman & Hall, in "Life Aboard a British Privateer."*

MUSICAL TOYS OF THE 18TH AND 19TH CENTURIES

(*Continued from page* 48)

of the talkies, and was designed on the same principles as these early toys; a piano, a drum, a mandolin and various percussion instruments. The Oriental pavilion from the collection illustrated here, was made for the Paris Exhibition of 1851, when the mechanical doll might be said to have reached its zenith. Not only is there an orchestra but also a tight-rope walker, who every now and then springs into the air, but lands safely back on the rope again.

Two of the models feature monkeys. They rate only second to Negroes in Victorian affection (the Negro, by the way, was usually referred to as a blackamoor) and this fashion culminated in the vogue of the children's gollywog. But by that time the old cumbersome musical boxes had given way to the new-fangled phonograph, and music-boxes had become small circular affairs that had to be turned by hand to produce their pretty, tinkling little nursery melodies.

One model illustrated has both monkey and Negro, the former's head being revealed as a conjuring trick done by the latter. This was made in an age when the elaborate stage illusion was much in favour—the floating head and limbs, Pepys' ghosts and magical cabinets. Incidentally, illusionists to-day often achieve their ends by the same mechanical means that motivate these musical toys.

Monkeys dressed as human beings were much in favour at one time in the *haute monde* of the 18th century, and this fashion is reflected in such models as the macabre animal seated before a harp. The mechanism of this particular one is most elaborate and ingenious.

Perhaps its most intriguing attraction is the truly horrible face. This brings us back again to Voltaire, who was said to enjoy these toys. This one of the monkey at the harp would certainly please his enemies.

For it bears more than a vague likeness to caricatures of that ill-disposed genius, of whom it was once written that he was the embodiment of "Satan, Death and Sin."

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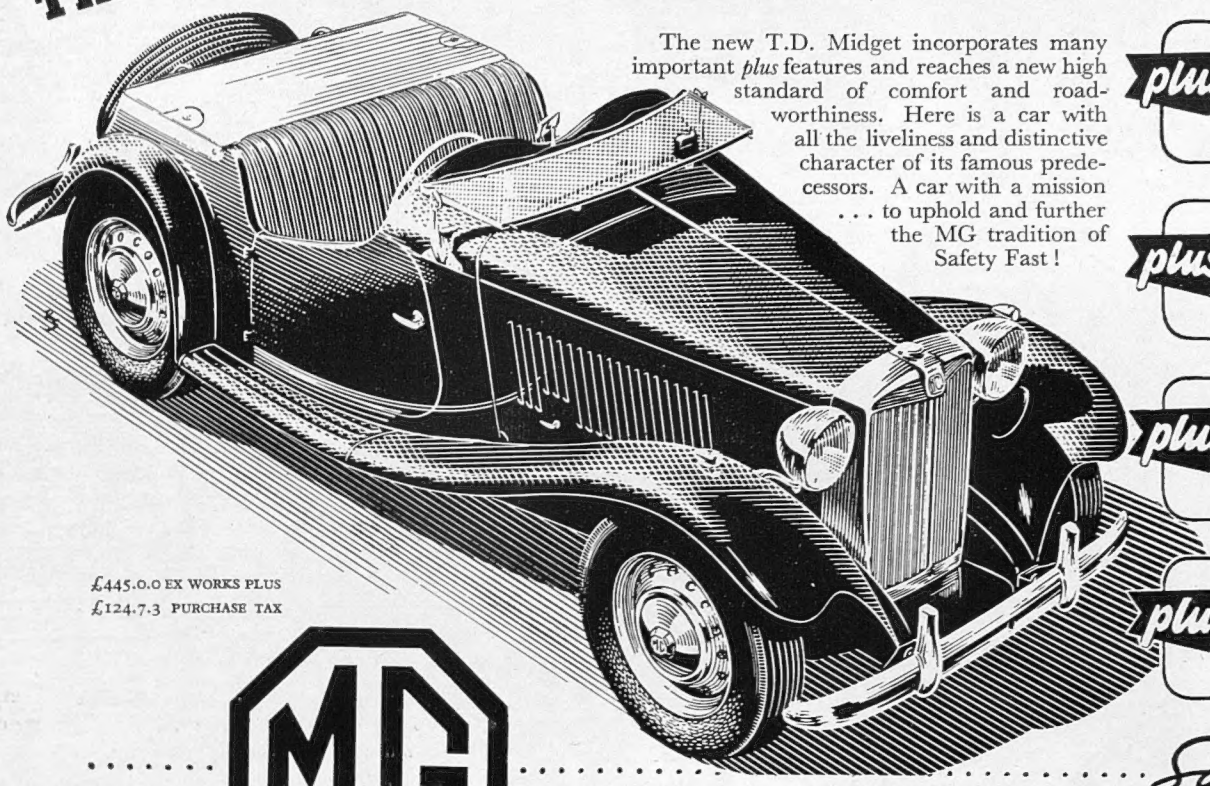

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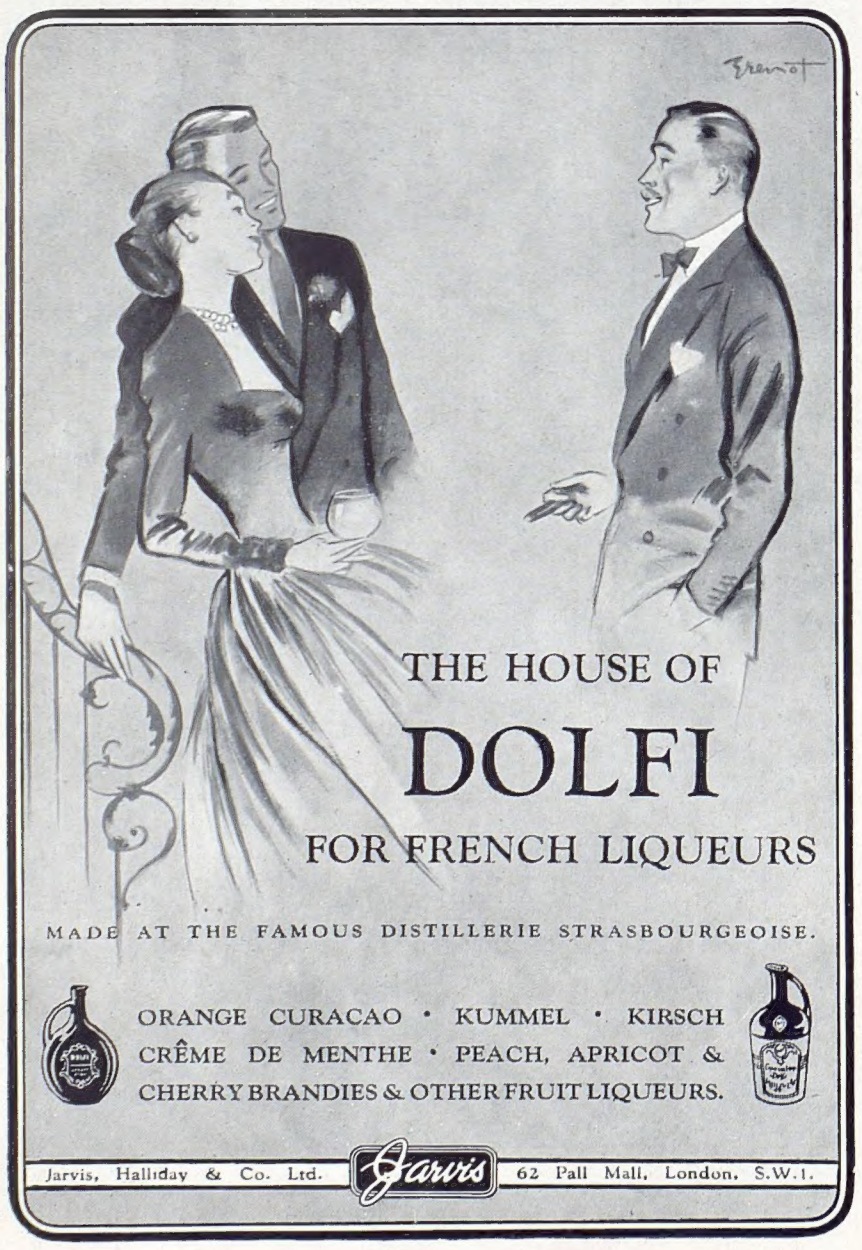


THE GOLDEN AGE OF BOOK ILLUSTRATION

(*Continued from page* 51)

material: a truth sadly evident in his painting which was for the most part, and certainly at its best, no more than a re-issue in another medium of drawings he had originally made to illustrate another man's idea. There is no denying, however, that he was far and away more accomplished an artist than Pinwell and could give distinction and beauty, expressed in realistic style, to some quite sordid scene; lifting it to a higher refinement without ever losing the common touch.

FREDERICK WALKER'S ILLUSTRATION TO "ONE MOUTH MORE."
It was engraved by the brothers Dalziel for Tom Taylor's poem in *A Round of Days*.

The third of the trio, probably the greatest of them and Pinwell's especial friend, was Arthur Boyd Houghton. Handicapped from boyhood by blindness of one eye and increasing pain in the other, his output was stupendous, ranging from Eastern fantasies to tumbling medleys of rosy English children; always drawn with a bold flowing line, always with an eye for any humour implicit in the scene, and with a tender appreciation of the endearing foibles of humanity. Curiously enough, compared to jolly, light-hearted Pinwell, whose drawings show scarcely a pinch of humour, Houghton was altogether a more mordant type yet his work spills over with laughter.

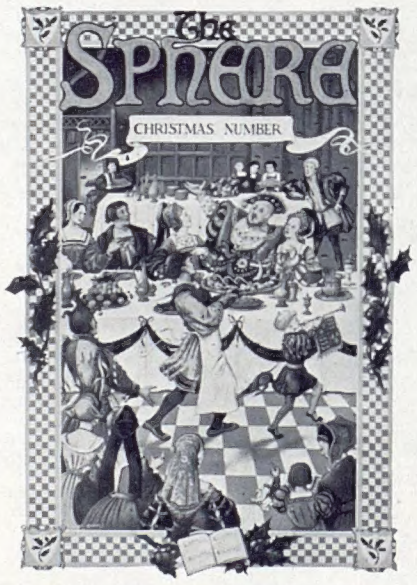
In September 1875, less than twenty years after Moxon's "Tennyson" first appeared, Pinwell, the youngest illustrator of the "Golden Age," then only thirty-three years old, was laid in his grave at Highgate Cemetery.

Houghton, standing there among their many friends, said: "Ah, my boys, you'll be planting me here also before three months!" In November he, too, was dead.

In Pinwell's last illness Walker had called rather grudgingly to see him; their only meeting, and not a happy one. Walker lived to regret it; but not for long. Within the year he, too, was dead—only thirty-five—and the glory of the "Golden Age" was on the wane.

"PASTIME WITH GOOD COMPANY"

A note to the Frontispiece of this issue



The words and music of this song are preserved in a manuscript of the time of Henry VIII, formerly in Ritson's possession, and now in the British Museum (Add. MSS., 5665); in which it is entitled "The King's Ballad." Ritson mentions it in a note to his Historical Essay on Scottish Song, and Stafford Smith printed it in his *Musica Antiqua* in score for three men's voices. It is the first of those mentioned in Wedderburn's *Complaint of Scotland*, which was published in 1549: "Now I will rehears some of the sweet songs that I heard among them (the shepherds) as after follows: in the first *Pastance with good Company*," etc. The tune is also to be found arranged for the lute (without words) in the volume among the king's MSS. before cited (Append. 58), of which "Dominus Johannes Bray" was at one time the Possessor. This may be considered as another proof of the former popularity of the song.

SONG BY HENRY VIII

Pastime with good company I love,
And shall until I die;
Grudge who will, but none deny,
So God be pleas'd this life will I:
For my pastance,
Hunt, sing and dance;
My heart is set.
All goodly sport
To my comfort,
Who shall me let?

Youth will needs have dalliance,
Of good or ill some pastance;
Company me thinketh the best
All thoughts and fantasies to digest,
For idleness,
Is chief mistress
Of vices all:
Then who can say
But pass the day
Is best of all?

Company with honesty
Is virtue—and vice to flee:
Company is good or ill,
But ev'ry man hath his free will.
The best I sue,
The worst eschew:
My mind shall be
Virtue to use:
Vice to refuse
I shall use me.

This England . . .

The Malvern Hills from Corse Hill Wood

"IN a somer season when soft was the sonne . . Ac on a May morwenyng on Malverne Hilles . . ." So begins our first great English poem, the Vision of Piers Plowman. And who can wonder that great poetry shaped itself in Langland's head as he wandered these hills near six hundred years ago? The poem is a pure specimen of English before the grammar writers had their say. Pure English, too, is Langland's love of good ale. Again and again does he contemn "mene ale" or "feble ale to drynke" and sing the praises of "the beste ale, a galon for a grote — no lesse." And as he loved his England and his "hilles" so would he have rejoiced in Bass or Worthington, those direct descendants of the best old English ale.

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